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CHAPTER XVIII.—Contrast between Purgatory and Hell. (The casting out of the legion of devils.)

CHAPTER XIX.—The sense of shame in Purgatory. (The healing of the woman with an issue of blood.)

CHAPTER XX.—The pain of sense in Purgatory. (The rising to life of the daughter of Jairus.)

CHAPTER XXI.—The eternal losses of the Holy Souls. (The last cures in Capharnaum.)

CHAPTER XXII.—Purgatory and Natural Piety. (The miracles wrought at Nazareth.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—The Holy Souls and the Sacrifice of the Altar. (The feeding of the five thousand.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—Pre-eminence of Charity to the Holy Souls. (Our Lord walking on the waters.)

CHAPTER XXV.—Privileges of the Children of God. (The healing of the daughter of the Syrophenician woman.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—Particular punishments in Purgatory. (Cure of the deaf and dumb in Decapolis.)

CHAPTER XXVII.—The Holy Souls relieved by Holy Communion. (The Feeding of the four thousand.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Degrees of punishment in Purgatory. (The cure of the blind man at Bethsaida.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—The Holy Souls helped by Prayer and Fasting. (The cure of the Lunatic Boy.)

CHAPTER XXX.—Union between the Holy Souls and our Lord. (Our Lord paying the Didrachma.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—The pain of loss. I. Loss of the Beatific Vision. (The cure of the man born blind.)

CHAPTER XXXII.—The pain of loss. II. Loss of the love of God. (The cure of the mute demoniac.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.—The pain of loss. III. The loss of the joy of Heaven. (Cure of the woman with a spirit of infirmity.)

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1879.

ARTICLES, &c. :—

1. Cardinal Bellarmine. Part the Third. *By the Rev. W. Dubberley.*
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4. The Encyclical. *By the Rev. Thomas Harper.*
5. Some Truths about the "Popish Plot." *By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod.*
6. Anemone.

Chapter XLVI.—A Woman's Argument.

" XLVII.—"Lead, kindly Light!"

" XLVIII.—Christmas.

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2. The Bull *Unam Sanctam*.

II.—Science Notes.

III.—Reviews.

The Life of St. Colette, by Mrs. Parsons ; Irish Saints in Great Britain, by Bishop Moran ; Les Petits, par Roual de Navery ; Historical Sketch of the St. Louis University, by W. H. Hill, S.J. ; Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Mazenod, by the Rev. R. Cooke, O.M.I. ; Life of St. Thomas of Hereford, by Richard Strange of the Society of Jesus.

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VII.
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Cardinal Bellarmine.

PART THE THIRD.

THE first foreign field of labour of the Society of Jesus was the Peninsula of Hindustan, and the faith which St. Francis Xavier planted there had been cultivated, and the harvest was being garnered by successive batches of missionaries who were sent out yearly from Europe. In the conversion of the Pariahs and the poorest Indians the Jesuits were successful, but neither their preaching, nor their catechetical instructions, nor their example had any influence with the Brahmins and the high caste Hindoos. The Pariahs sought and found comfort in the truths of Christianity and in the humiliation of the Cross, whereas the rich and learned of the country looked with suspicion on the Christian apostles, and avoided them as men who had been contaminated by daily intercourse with the Pariahs. The problem which the Jesuits had to solve was to find out the means of saving the souls of the Brahmins and the Rajahs.

The idea occurred to Father Robert dei Nobili of assuming the dress, the character, and the exterior deportment of a Brahmin. The idea was no sooner conceived than it was executed. He laid aside his European civilization and followed the mode of living of the Saniassis. Herbs and rice formed his single daily meal, he became a total abstainer from flesh, fish, and wine, and denied himself every comfort of life. He retired to a cave, lived in total separation from all Europeans, picked up the manners and customs of the men whose style of life he had embraced, learnt the Tamul and Bagadese languages correctly, and was soon a perfect master of the learned tongue of the Brahmins, the Grandonese. The report of his austerities was quickly noised abroad; people began to flock to his rude hut to gaze upon the man of prayer, and to hear words of wisdom from his lips. Conscious of the inquisitive character of his visitors, Dei Nobili refused to gratify their curiosity, and retreated into still greater solitude, refusing even

to pay his respects to the King of Madura, alleging as an excuse his fear of going abroad lest he should be contaminated by the sight of a woman. The Brahmins were completely subdued; they spoke of nothing but of the Saint that had arisen, and of the man whose stores of learning surpassed all imagination. When the Jesuit considered his preparations complete he appeared before the world to all outward show indeed a Brahmin of the most austere sect. His head was shaved, a tuft of hair only being left on the crown; his cylindrical-shaped turban was surmounted by a veil that fell over his shoulders, and was fastened across his breast by a red scarf which encircled his neck; under this he wore a long yellow tunic that reached to his ankles; his sandals were fastened to his feet by nails which were driven between his toes into the wood; his forehead was painted with a yellow mark made by a paste from Sandaman wood; his ears were encumbered with ear-rings and their rich pendants; in one hand he carried a small vase of water for his ablutions, and in the other a staff emblematical of his magisterial authority. He was not long in gathering round him a large number of disciples, and in order that he might have greater facility in teaching, he assumed the title of a Gurnus, the distinctive appellation of the Brahmitical and Saniassian professors. He then opened a school, and allowed his scholars to prostrate themselves three times on the ground, and place their hands over their heads in token of the veneration they bore him. He was listened to in silence and with pleasure, for he had obtained such a perfect mastery over their language that no native could speak it as fluently or as elegantly. He committed to memory long extracts from the writings of their poets, and in his explanation of the passages would occasionally say enough about Christianity to arouse in his hearers a desire for further information. By degrees the contempt which the Brahmans felt for the new religion, which so many Pariahs had embraced, was changed into admiration; first one and then another submitted to the yoke of Christ, and Dei Nobili felt that he had solved the difficulty which had baffled the Jesuit missionaries for three score years.

There were some, however, in India who were scandalized at Dei Nobili's novel method of preaching the Gospel. Complaints were laid before his Superior. He was accused of tampering with the prejudices of the heathen, of yielding to their superstitions, and, instead of destroying, of fostering many

of their idolatrous practices. Three or four of the oldest and most experienced Jesuit missionaries joined in laying these representations before the Provincial, who was unwilling to give any decided opinion, but carried the matter to a court of theologians at Goa. Dei Nobili does not appear to have been present to speak in his own defence; his conduct was condemned, and he was ordered to lay aside his strange costume and conform himself to the ordinary routine of the rest of his brethren. At this juncture the Bishop of Cranganore declared that a board of theologians was not the proper tribunal to judge of Dei Nobili's procedure; that it was the Bishop's duty to declare whether his conduct was reprehensible or not, and in his opinion the Jesuit not only could, but should continue to preach as he had begun. He denied that Dei Nobili's method was a tacit approval of pagan rites and ceremonies, since all he had done was to conform himself to the social manners of the people. It was no more superstition to wear a yellow muslin tunic than a black gown, to have his head shaved than not, to go in a turban than a biretta, to carry water for his ablutions than a bunch of flowers, to walk in sandals than in boots, and he assured the Provincial that whatever Dei Nobili had done had been done with his approval and authority. As a rumour of this difference of opinion in a practical question had reached Europe, it was determined to lay a statement of the case before the Holy Father, and Dei Nobili felt certain of the triumph of his cause if he could propose his scheme to the large-minded Cardinal Bellarmine, for Cardinal Bellarmine was his uncle.

As soon as a letter could reach India, Dei Nobili received one from his uncle, which was dictated with affection and sorrow. Bellarmine reprobated his nephew's impiety, and the disgrace which he had brought upon his family, the Society of Jesus, and his religion, and he begged him seriously to consider the impropriety of his conduct, and to take means for securing his own salvation. With eyes filled with tears, with a heart crushed and broken, Dei Nobili, with his uncle's letter in his hand, threw himself before a crucifix, and protested before that God Who could read his heart that the motive of his actions had been pure and upright, and that his only object had been to save the souls of men who had been redeemed by One Whose mission had been misunderstood, Whose conduct had been misrepresented, and Whose actions had been misinterpreted like his own. Were all his labours, and abstinences, and fasts to be profitless? Were

the languages he had acquired with such difficulty to be useless? Were the souls he had already gained to Christ to be left without a pastor? Strong in the purity of his intentions, and conscious of the righteousness and justice of his cause, Dei Nobili resolved not to bend to the storm and to yield only to the pressure of obedience. He determined to answer his opponents in India with the hope that his answer would find its way to Europe, and produce the same results there which he was confident it would produce in Madura.

His apology commenced with an unimpassioned disagreement with the judgment of the Goanese theologians; he was not incensed at the decision of his religious brethren, for they had known him for years in the Society, and they could all bear witness to his ready obedience. Superiors had only to say the word and he would submit. "But," he said, "the cause I am pleading is not mine, but that of Christianity and the Church, and no one will find fault with me for endeavouring to explain my method of promulgating the Divine Law, and for answering all objections to my conduct." He proceeded to show that no suspicion of tampering with Pagan rites had been so much as breathed against him before; he was no unskilled theologian himself, nor unacquainted with what were and what were not Pagan superstitions. He knew better than any man in India the languages in which all the chronicles and observances of the Brahmins were written. His opponents had passed their lives with the Pariahs, and how could they be judges of things appertaining to the high caste Hindoos, of whom they knew nothing? He had been accused of falsehood in saying that he was not a Parangan, that is, a Christian, but he denied that a Parangan was equivalent to a Christian. It signifies a Portuguese, and he was no Portuguese, but an Italian. He was found fault with for allowing himself to be called a Saniassis, a Gurnus, and a Rajah, and he showed that in this there was nothing reprehensible, since a Saniassis was one who had no ties on earth and was bound by a vow of chastity, a Gurnus was the same as the generic names of doctor or professor, and he had tolerated the name and the honour due to a Rajah, because to the mind of a Brahmin the word Christian conveyed the idea of everything that was mean, and ignoble, and dishonourable. He pointed to the example of St. Paul who claimed to be a Roman citizen, and to St. Francis Xavier who allowed himself to be drawn in a gorgeous chariot and proud apparel through the streets of a

city in Japan. He defended the separation of castes which he had allowed by alluding to the separation of classes in Europe. In the same house was not a master distinct from a servant? Even at Travancore had not the Christian converts forbidden their fellow-Christians, who happened to be outcasts in the world, from entering beyond the threshold of their churches? The distinction he had allowed was a peculiarity of the place and not of religion, and was no impediment to Christian charity. He gave a positive denial to the charge that either he or his converts had adopted or preserved any Pagan ceremonies of a religious tendency. He had painted his forehead, because it was a national custom, and the Malabars laughed at Europeans for powdering their hair and not adorning their forehead, which was the seat of majesty. The triple line of thread that hung from his neck proved to the Brahmins that the wearer had attained the perfection of nobility and learning. "I confess however," said *Dei Nobili*, "that I adopted this ornament to signify my belief in the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, and I added another ornament of two threads to typify the union of the Divine and Human Natures in Christ." He acknowledged that the Hindoos consecrated these ornaments by certain prayers, but he and his Christians blessed them by prayers which had been sanctioned by the Archbishop of Goa. He allowed that the peculiar method of wearing the ornaments was superstitious in the eyes of the Pagans, but he contended that the superstition vanished when the Pagan prayers and the Pagan ceremonies connected with them were abolished. Everything was superstitious to a Hindoo, and were the Christians to give up their rice, and their drink, and their baths, and their clothes, and even matrimony? Moreover, his converts were easily discernible; he forced them publicly to make the sign of the Cross, and publicly to carry their rosary, so that every one could see that they were Christians, and the Brahmitical lines on their foreheads, and the Brahmitical threads round their necks showed they were not Paraguans.

The effect of this defence was what *Dei Nobili* expected. The Archbishop of Goa declared that the Hindoos would scarcely find a safer or more upright guide; the Jesuits in India acknowledged his device to be of Divine inspiration and not of human ingenuity; Bellarmine in many letters to his nephew assured him of the total change of his opinion in his regard, and that he could no longer withhold the admiration

he felt for the apostolic life he was leading ; Gregory the Fifteenth authorized him to pursue his plan of campaign, and after a struggle of five years Dei Nobili again returned to his work among the Brahmins. For forty-five years the heroic missionary persevered in his preaching, and in his old age, when he was afflicted with blindness and was incapable of active work, he began to compose, in the different languages of India, works of Christian piety and instruction. He died in the year 1656, at the age of eighty, and to this day his tomb near Madura is regarded with special veneration by the natives.

The story of Dei Nobili shows us that Bellarmine's mind was open to conviction, and that he was ready to acknowledge a mistake or an error of judgment as soon as the force of an argument or a fuller acquaintance with facts left him no room to doubt that he was wrong. The story of Galileo teaches us how his justice and courtesy were implicitly trusted. It is not our intention to enter into the history of Galileo's life, as it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that Bellarmine was one of the Cardinals of the Roman Inquisition before whom Galileo had to appear. During the great astronomer's detention in Rome the report was circulated that he had submitted to a public penance. Upon hearing the rumour, Bellarmine, who loved truth above all things, handed to Galileo the following certificate. "We, Robert, Cardinal Bellarmine, having been informed that the Signor Galileo has been calumniated, and has been charged with making an abjuration at our hands, and submitting to a salutary penance ; upon the application which has been made to us affirm, conformably to the truth, that the aforesaid Signor Galileo has made no abjuration of any one of his doctrines or opinions, either to us, or to any other person that we know of, whether in Rome or elsewhere ; that he has not been subjected to any salutary penance of any sort whatsoever ; that he has merely had signified to him the declaration of our Holy Father, and published by the Congregation of the Index, to wit, that the doctrine attributed to Copernicus, that the earth moves round the sun, and that the sun is the centre of the universe, and does not move from east to west, is contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and consequently can neither be defended nor maintained. In witness whereof we have written and signed this present letter with our own hand, this 26th of May, 1616,—Robert, Cardinal Bellarmine." We have not seen a copy of the original of this document, and have translated it literally from

the French, presenting it on the authority of the *Biographie Universelle*, which claims the honour of publishing it for the first time in France in the year 1811. We are not aware that it has ever yet appeared in English.

The attention which Bellarmine bestowed upon the affairs of the Church in the East was but a temporary distraction from more pressing business in Europe. The last fifteen years of his life were spent in two politico-ecclesiastical struggles with the Republic of Venice and the King of England. The proud mistress of the Adriatic thought that the sublimity of human greatness was attained by restricting and abolishing the liberties of the Church, by the imprisonment of the clergy, and the banishment of religious orders. The conduct of Venice in its struggle with Paul the Fifth bears a striking analogy to the conduct of Germany in its struggle with Pius the Ninth; and as the latter Empire is encouraged to go steadily onward in its path of persecution by an apostate priest, so was the Italian Republic goaded on in its hostility to the Church and the Jesuits by an apostate monk. As history will say that the struggles in which Döllinger and Sarpi bore a leading part were alike, it will also witness that the characters of the men themselves were similar. They were like in their deadly hostility to the Church and to the Pope. They were like in trying to effect a union of Christendom, and in formally excluding from that union the Church of Christ, from which both had been formally excommunicated. As one sought to unite the Eastern and Western Churches by practically denying his belief in the Procession of the Holy Ghost, and endeavoured to mould Protestantism into one harmonious whole with both by denying his belief in Purgatory and affirming his belief in Anglican Orders, so the other, while preserving the outward semblance of a monk, left no effort untried, as the Protestant historian Müller says, "to effect the reunion of two lakes, the lake of Geneva and the lake of Venice, which means to say, as some one has happily remarked, he wished to Calvinize his native city."¹ They were like in the intimate knowledge they had of the character of men and in the persuasive force of their eloquence. The vehement and demagogic harangues of the Italian were well suited to charm the ears and gain the sympathy of a Venetian mob, who would applaud, would hoot, or would murmur, as Fra Paolo wished them. The calm, decisive, argu-

¹ *Dictionnaire de Théologie*, article "Bellarmine."

mentative manner of the German was well adapted to lead the judgment and sway the will of an intellectual people. Both will owe their reputation with posterity to their historical labours—one as the historian of the Early Church, the other as the historian of the Council of Trent. This comparison, however, will be more apparent to Protestants than to Catholics; for in Fra Paolo's work we are so struck in every page with the hatred he manifests to Rome and the Catholic Church, with his unscrupulous falsehoods, with his torturing of facts, and his partialities, that had it not been for the elegance and beauty of his language, it would have been beneath the notice of Catholics to answer his calumnious caricature. One thing only is wanted to make the parallel between these two men perfect. A ridiculous story was invented, and still believed by many, of an attempted assassination of Sarpi by some agents of the Pope.

Döllinger and Sarpi are alike not only in their hostility to the Church, but in the method they adopted of manifesting that hostility, for they each egged on their respective governments, either by open advocacy or secret wire-pulling, to persecute the clergy, to deprive the people of their spiritual guides, and so to pervert them. The world has been astonished at the boldness of the designs of Prince Bismarck in his war against the Papacy; but if the policy of the modern persecutor is as daring as that of the Doge and the Council of Ten, he was far outstripped by them in rapidity of execution. What the latter did in days, the former takes months to deliberate upon; and where one puts on a semblance of fairness by forcing a packed majority to pass his laws, the Council of Venice issued its decrees without a debate or a division. The result, however, was the same in both cases, and will be so till the end of time. The history of the Church of Christ has been and will continue to be the history of a series of persecutions, and as Fra Sarpi and the Doge of Venice have their imitators to-day, so will Prince Bismarck and Dr. Döllinger have their imitators to-morrow.

The struggle between Paul the Fifth and the Republic of Venice had a very simple beginning. The clergy enjoyed many privileges which had been first granted by Constantine the Great, and had been repeatedly ratified by the State. The Venetian Government had been, for some years previous to the time of which we are speaking, gradually restricting these immunities; it annulled the right of the clergy, as a corporate body, to buy or sell land, to accept endowments, or possess landed

property ; it dragged ecclesiastics before secular tribunals, and abolished ecclesiastical courts. These and other similar violations of clerical immunities forced the Pope to interfere. His remonstrance was not only disregarded, but treated with open insolence. The Pope thereupon threatened to lay the whole Republic under an interdict, unless certain ecclesiastics, who had been condemned by a secular court, were set at liberty in order to stand their trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal. To give the State time for reflection, and to show that he was in earnest, he named a day when he would carry his threat into execution unless his demands were acceded to. The Republic answered his menace by appointing Fra Paolo, who had already declared himself an open enemy of Rome, a counsellor of State. Sarpi was now in a position to give full play to his hostile intentions. He strenuously advocated resistance to every one of the Pope's claims, and made the breach between the two powers irreconcilable. Consequently, on April 17, 1606, the interdict was proclaimed. The Venetian Government tried by every means to prevent its publication in Venice, and, as is usual in such cases, threatened with severe penalties all who had any communication with Rome, or should dare to make the interdict public. In spite of all precaution, however, the Papal sentence was affixed to the doors of five churches in the city on the night of the 2nd and 3rd of May. Baffled in keeping the interdict a secret, the Republic undertook to answer the Pope, and on May 6 declared his act unjust and illegal, forbade any one to observe it, and decreed to sentence to banishment and confiscation of all his property any priest who should *refuse* to administer the sacraments, to say Mass, or to preach. In order to show that this was no empty threat, the Jesuits on May 10 were summoned before the Senate, and asked what policy they intended to pursue under the present circumstances. They were not taken unawares, for from the beginning of these troubles they had been in communication with Rome, and had received instructions both from the Pope and from their General, Father Aquaviva. The answer of the Jesuits was decisive. "We must obey the Pope even at the peril of our lives." "Consider," said the Doge with astonishment, "consider the penalty of perpetual exile." "Obedience," said the Provincial of the Jesuits, "is the glory of a religious, and the illustrious Senate should not be offended if we set an example of that obedience to our Superiors you yourselves demand from your subjects. It is not for

us either to discuss or to condemn the sentence which has been pronounced by the Vicar of Christ ; our duty is to obey. This is a law imposed upon all who are subject to another ; take this law away, and peace will disappear from the world ; rights will be ignored, and the authority not only of individuals, but the authority and the dignity of the State and the Prince, will be spurned. We have not spared ourselves in labours as long as you thought we were of advantage to the State, and nothing will be more agreeable to us in the future than to spend ourselves in your service, provided we can obey the law of God, to which all human laws must be subservient. We are not ignorant of the penalty we shall incur by this our obedience ; but it will not be so great as to make us ever forget this noble city and Republic."² At this point he was interrupted by the Doge, who was alarmed at the effect the speech might produce, for no doubt the Provincial's thoughts were carrying him back for sixty years, to the period when Venice nursed the new-born Society of Jesus, when St. Ignatius was charitably received within her walls, and when he, and St. Francis Xavier, and the rest of his companions devoted themselves with such charity to the service of the hospitals.

The answer of the Provincial could not have been better worded in the opinion of Sarpi and his accomplices. On the following day a pursuivant entered the Professed House to take an inventory of the altar-plate, the vestments, and the library, and the next evening the Jesuits were banished from the city amid the execrations of the mob, according to Sarpi's description, which it is needless to say does not agree with the account given by the exiles. "About *Angelus* time," says the Annual Letters, "the gondolas came. We placed in them such trifling things as we were allowed to carry, being always under the eye of officers who were sent to watch all our movements. Having recited in our church the litanies and the prayers of the *Itinerarium* to obtain a safe journey, we directed our steps towards the gondolas. There we found the place full of our friends who lamented our departure, but no one had permission to approach us. Thus in four boats, accompanied with soldiers who guarded us, we left Venice." The Venetian Government soon found it necessary to follow up this first blow by similar acts of violence. It felt itself unequal to a struggle with Rome if any "kindred Order" was left in the country, so the Fran-

² Juvencius, *Hist. Soc. Jesu*, lib. xii. pars v.

ciscan and Capuchin Fathers, the Theatines, and other religious, were also expelled. The Patriarch went into voluntary exile, and he was imitated by many of his clergy, who preferred to sacrifice their country to their conscience. The example the Jesuits had given was contagious. The Doge and his advisers were afraid that the interdict would be more terrible in its consequences than even the Pope intended, by the withdrawal of every priest from the country, and they saw the necessity of ruining the Society of Jesus in the estimation of the people. They had proscribed them, they now calumniated them; the penalty for receiving even a letter from a Jesuit was hard labour in the galleys; whilst the pen and the voice of Sarpi were used to pour forth upon them every slander that ingenuity could invent or malice suggest. "There is nothing more essential," wrote Fra Paolo, "than to ruin the reputation of the Jesuits. By the ruin of the Jesuits, Rome will be ruined, and if Rome be ruined, religion will reform itself."

This was the state of affairs when Sarpi thought he could with impunity attack the Holy See. To give a colour of justice to its resistance to the interdict, the Government of the Doge had induced six theologians, in addition to Sarpi, to endeavour to prove the irregularity of the Pope's proceedings. Fra Paolo was undoubtedly the most clever and lively writer on the side of the Doge, and as he had been the chief instigator of the theological resistance with which the Papal sentence had been met, he had been summoned to Rome, and on his refusal to appear, had been excommunicated for his disobedience. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, there was no one in Venice capable of answering the arguments of the advocates of the Government, and as Fra Paolo was under the delusion that his reasoning was unanswerable, he proceeded to write against the Holy See with the same virulence as he had written against the Jesuits. Special pains were taken that his book, and that of his friend Marsilio, should be widely circulated, and thus the Pope was obliged to prescribe an antidote for the poison. Paul the Fifth placed the matter in the hands of Bellarmine, with strict injunctions that in his answer to these writers he should be content to refute their arguments, and pass over in silence their scurrility. His Holiness wanted no personal defence, but a defence of his office and authority. Bellarmine's answer was written first in Italian, but was soon afterwards published in Latin, under the title of *Responsio ad duos libellos in favorem*

Reipublice Venetæ conscriptos. In it he proved that the opposition to the Holy See was based on a foundation which was theologically false, and that the Doge could not justify his policy by following the counsels of men who could misinterpret Scripture, and could lay down laws, and give expression to sentiments which were in total variance with canon law, the Councils, and the traditions of the Church. The great authority whom Sarpi quoted was Gerson in his *Treatise on Excommunication*, and whilst Bellarmine fully allowed that his opponent could fairly quote the Chancellor of Paris in support of his views, he laid great stress on the circumstances under which Gerson wrote. When two persons laid claim to the Chair of St. Peter, it was difficult strictly to define the limits of the spiritual power of the Pope. Now Gerson wrote during the Great Schism of the West, when a plurality of claimants warped his mind, and caused him to write what he would never have written had there been no doubt about the identity of St. Peter's Successor. Bellarmine next argued from the axiom that nothing is more sacred than the rights of the Church, and the immunities of her ministers, and if the laws which the Venetian Government had passed were put in force, the clergy would be in a worse condition than the lowest subjects of the Republic. The naval and military and civil servants have their interests respected, and why should not the priests of Christ have their privileges preserved? The importance of the struggle between Rome and Venice could not be over-estimated, and Bellarmine begged the Doge not to trust his flatterers or his advisers so implicitly as not to cast his eyes on what those who differed from him, and agreed with His Holiness, could urge on their side. He exhorted him to weigh carefully the arguments of both parties, because in that case the contest would be decided in favour of the Church, since he was certain that in such an important matter the Doge would judge with that equity which had reflected so much credit on himself and his predecessors. His prayer was that God would enlighten him and enable him to walk in the true path of justice, so that he might not be punished like that King of Israel, who was defeated by his enemies, because he despised the warnings of God's prophets. He protests that he has no desire to apply to him this example from Scripture, but he most earnestly beseeches him to pity the Church, which he believes to be the Spouse of Christ, to reflect on the difficulties which beset her

through the new-born heresies of Luther and Calvin, and not to allow those who are departed from her fold to have the gratification of seeing a Catholic join with them in assailing her, and triumphing in her misfortune.

The pamphlet of Bellarmine had the desired effect. It silenced Sarpi and Marsilio, and gave Catholics an answer to their objections, though the struggle between the two Governments lingered on for some years. We have no wish to enter further into the intricacies of the question, as Bellarmine's personal action in it ceased with the publication of his answer; nor again into the steps which finally led to a reconciliation. How, for example, Henry the Fourth of France intervened, to prove the sincerity of his conversion and his love for the Society; how Paul the Fourth made the restoration of the Jesuits the first article for peace, how the Doge refused this condition, how Aquaviva begged His Holiness to withdraw it, and how, when Sarpi was in his tomb, the Jesuits were received in Venice with a joy which equalled the sorrow that attended their departure.

The connection between Bellarmine and James the First began in a friendly feeling of admiration which the King entertained for the genius of the Cardinal. Before his accession to the English throne, the King of Scotland had manifested a desire to treat Catholics leniently, and had privately carried on a correspondence with some dignitaries in Rome, and especially with Bellarmine. In a letter to him James expressed the admiration he felt for his eminent virtues, and to show the high esteem he had of his learning, he confessed that he found more solidity and thought in a single page of his *Controversies*, than in all the volumes which his Scottish ministers had written in answer to them, and he asked the Cardinal, with expressions of great respect, to regard him henceforth as one of his friends. This letter must have been written in the year 1600, because the first words of Bellarmine's answer informs us that he had received the letter of his Majesty from Dr. Drummond, who had come to Rome for the sake of the Jubilee. "From this same Dr. Drummond," continues Bellarmine, "I have learnt with what distinguished abilities, with what a mature judgment, with what eminent and truly royal benignity and clemency, Almighty God has endowed your Majesty." He proceeds to exhort the King "seriously to apply his mind to the most necessary of all considerations, that is, to find out which is the

true Church." He reminds him that he had parents who were most devoted to the Church, though unfortunately he had been educated by tutors who were most hostile to it. "Your Majesty may without difficulty learn which of the two Churches is the true one, the Church of your parents, or the Church of your tutors, if you would bestow a little care in pondering upon the signs of the true Church which St. Augustine gives in a book he wrote in answer to Manichæus. 'There are many things which most rightly keep me in the bosom of the Church; the consent of people and nations keeps me; an authority founded on miracles, nurtured on hope, increased by charity, strengthened by antiquity, keeps me; the succession of priests, even to the hierarchy of to-day, from the See of St. Peter, to whom our Lord after His Resurrection committed the task of feeding His sheep, keeps me; lastly, the very name Catholic keeps me. Amid so many heresies that have arisen, the Church alone has preserved this name not without a reason, so that although all heretics wish to be called Catholic, still none would dare to show a stranger, who inquired where the Catholic Church was, his own church or chapel.'" Bellarmine takes each of these signs, and shows how they agree with the Catholic Church, but cannot possibly be applied to assemblies of men who are separated from her. He complains of the false interpretation put upon Catholic doctrine by the Reformers, and considers this the chief reason why many people cannot see the light of truth. "But your Majesty has been gifted by Almighty God with a judgment and an ability capable of enabling you, if you wish, easily to detect their errors." He then combats the report which had been widely circulated in Scotland, that he had recanted all he had written against Luther and Calvin, and had himself abandoned the Roman faith. His words in answer to this we have already quoted, and he concludes by apologizing for the length of his letter, which he attributes to the ardent desire he feels "lest a King of such promise, of such an excellent mind, of such distinguished talents, born too of Catholic parents, but now out of the bosom of the Church—that is, out of the company of the saints—should not be found in their company at the day of the Lord's coming."

This letter shows us that Catholics, both in England and on the Continent had grounds for trusting that if the King of Scotland succeeded to the throne of Elizabeth, he would not succeed to her hatred of the Church, and to her persecution of

its members. Within a few months after his accession, however, all these fond hopes were dashed to the ground, and Catholics still remained the victims of a persecution as insidious in its approaches as that of Julian the Apostate, and as devoid of pity as that of Nero or Diocletian. It is well known how some restless spirits writhed under the despotic policy of James, how the penal laws drove the Catholics to distraction, and some daring minds amongst them to the concoction of the murderous Gunpowder Plot. When the frenzy which this conspiracy occasioned had somewhat abated, a Bill was brought into Parliament, which, without repealing any of the existing laws, added greatly to their severity, and contained an oath of allegiance to be proposed to every Catholic within the realm. The oath was warily worded. It was drawn up by Archbishop Bancroft and Christopher Perkins, an ex-Jesuit, both of whom hoped that by a copious use of conjunctives and disjunctives, by mixing together a series of different clauses, and by making the sentences so long as to be almost unintelligible, some Catholics might be inveigled into taking it by not understanding it. They trusted also that, by the insertion of articles respecting the deposing power of the Pope, and his authority in absolving from oaths, the Catholic body might be divided against itself. The oath consisted of eight clauses. The second clause was to the effect that the Pope had no power of deposing the King or dispossessing him of his dominions, or of allowing any foreign prince to injure him or invade his territories, or of exonerating any of his subjects from their obedience and subjection to him, of commissioning them to bear arms against him, or to offer any violence or hurt to his Majesty, his person, his State or kingdom, or to any of his subjects within his dominions. The third clause enacted that the oath was taken without any equivocation, notwithstanding any sentence of excommunication passed or to be passed by the Pope or his successors, and that those who accept the oath will defend the King with all their strength against all conspirators or conspiracies, and will inform his Majesty or his successors of all treasons and plots against them. The fourth clause forced the person who took the oath to abhor, detest, and abjure the impious, heretical, and damnable proposition, that excommunicated or deposed princes may be killed by their subjects or any other person; and to declare that he firmly believed that neither the Pope nor any one else had the power of absolving him from this oath or any part of it.

There can be no doubt that at least two propositions contained in this oath are false, if taken absolutely, though in particular cases they may be true. It is not true to say that the Pope has the power of deposing at will any prince he likes, or of absolving a person from an oath without a cause. On the other hand, it is false to say that the Pope can in no instance depose a sovereign, and can in no instance absolve from an oath. Many Popes have done both things, and though the Popes may never exercise their deposing power again, we cannot say that they do not possess the power. Now the framers of the oath of allegiance thought that when it was presented to Catholics, some might argue that as the King had done nothing to deserve deposition or excommunication, they might with safe consciences take the oath, because the debateable propositions in it were true in the concrete; others again might refuse to take it because it contained certain clauses which, in their general signification, were false. The consequence would be that Catholics would no longer present a united front, and distracted by divided councils from within, and crushed by persecution from without, would at length succumb.

The design of Bancroft and Perkins was successful. The Catholics were divided in opinion on the lawfulness of the oath. As a rule the secular clergy decided in its favour, and the Jesuits against it. Father Holtby had succeeded the martyred Father Garnett as Provincial, and as soon as the oath was published he sent instructions to every Jesuit in the country not to give any public declaration of its legality or illegality until instructions were received from Rome. A Brief of Paul the Fifth soon reached Father Holtby, and was by him immediately shown to the Archpriest Blackwell. His Holiness said: "We are forced to warn you (*i.e.*, the Catholics) not on any account to go to the churches of the heretics, or to hear their sermons . . . Moreover you cannot, without the most evident and culpable injury of the Divine worship, bind yourselves by the oath, which with great grief We have heard has been proposed to you, . . . because it contains many things which are contrary to faith." This Brief would at once have reunited Catholics had not some amongst them asserted that the true import of the oath had not been properly represented to the Pope, and that the Jesuits were the real authors of the Apostolic Letters. At this time the Archpriest Blackwell fell into the hands of James; the oath was presented to him, according to

some, in a modified form, and the representative Catholic in England took it. This was a sad blow to the Catholic party. It scandalized them, and Blackwell lost his reputation without regaining his liberty. As soon as the report reached Rome of the interpretation put on the Papal Brief by some people in England, the Pope at once addressed a second letter to the English Catholics. "In Our Brief, dated September 22nd of last year," writes Paul the Fifth, "We declared that you could not with a safe conscience take the oath, . . . now they dare to say that that Letter was not written by Our own decision, and of Our own free will, but at the instigation and purpose of others, and on this account they endeavour to persuade you, that Our commands, expressed in that Letter, are not to be attended to. This report disquieted Us, the more so as We expected obedience from you . . . We should never have believed that you would call in doubt the authenticity of Our Apostolic Letters in order on this pretext to excuse yourselves from obeying Our commands. We know indeed the stratagem and fraud of the enemy of the human race, and We attribute your disobedience to him rather than to your own free will." The Pope reiterates his former decision on the illegality of the oath, assures the faithful that this decision was dictated by the desire he had of their salvation, and concludes by urging on them the necessity of peace and union. This Brief was dated September 22, 1607, exactly a twelvemonth after the preceding one.

On the 28th of the same month, Bellarmine wrote a long letter to Blackwell. They had been friends in days long past, but a busy life in distant countries had proved an obstacle to correspondence, and after a separation of almost forty years, the weakness of the one re-awakened in the soul of the other all his old friendship, and Bellarmine sent to Blackwell a letter full of tenderness and encouragement. "I have heard," he wrote, "of your strenuous labours in the vineyard of the Lord, and when I could not otherwise assist you, I have not ceased recommending you in my prayers to God. . . . But the joy I felt in hearing of your labours was not a little lessened, nay, almost destroyed altogether by a messenger who told me how your constancy in refusing to take an unlawful oath had been tried by your enemies, perhaps even shaken and overcome. That oath can never become lawful, no matter how it is softened down and modified, for you know that these modifications are

nothing else than the fraud and stratagem of Satan. One thing is certain, in whatever words this oath is couched by the enemies of the faith in England, the object is to transfer the authority of the Head of the Church from the Successor of St. Peter to the successor of Henry the Eighth. As for the plea of danger to the King's life, if the Sovereign Pontiff should be allowed to get that power in England, which he has in other countries, every man of any sense must see how utterly futile it is; nor has any one ever heard from the birth of the infant Church down to our own days that any Pope has ordered any Prince to be slain, be he heretic, or pagan, or persecutor, or has ever approved of his assassination by another. And why should one King of England fear what no other prince, out of all Christian princes, has ever feared? But as I have said, these pretexts are the tricks and stratagems of Satan . . . They remind me of Julian the Apostate, who endeavoured to catch simple Christians, by stamping on the Emperor's effigies, to which it was customary with the Romans to pay a sort of political homage, the images of the false gods, so that no one could reverence the picture of the Emperor without venerating the idolatrous likenesses of the gods. Hence it happened that many were deceived, and if any one detected the snare, and refused to honour the Emperor's image, he was severely punished because he had despised Cæsar in his effigy. I see something like this in the oath now offered to you; it is fraudulently worded so that no one can proclaim his detestation of treachery to his King, and profess obedience to the State without being forced to deny the primacy of the Apostolic See. But Christ's servants, and especially His priests, far from accepting an unlawful oath, ought to be on their guard against any suspicion of even pretending to do so, for fear of leaving the faithful committed to them a dangerous example of tampering with duty." Bellarmine here mentions the conduct of Eleazar who would not eat swine's flesh, nor even pretend to do so, and gives other historical examples. He recommends their imitation to Blackwell, and "though the suddenness of arrest, the severity of persecution, the weakness of age, or some other reason may have caused your firmness to totter, yet we trust in the goodness of God and your daily practice of virtue, that as in some sense you have imitated the falls of St. Peter and St. Marcellinus, you may happily imitate their courage by professing the truth." He now quotes from the Fathers to prove how fatal it is to

derogate from the authority of the Holy See, encourages him to imitate the example of Sir Thomas More and others of his countrymen, and concludes thus: "You have long fought the good fight; you have almost finished the course; for all these years you have kept the faith; then be not so ready to lose the prize of these labours; do not rob yourself of that crown of justice which has long been in preparation for you; do not cast confusion on the faces of your brethren and your children; the eyes of all the Church are fastened on you at this crisis; nay, you are a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men; do not in life's last stage so act as to leave sorrow to your friends, and joy to your enemies; rather, on the contrary, as we all hope, and with constant prayers beg of our God, gloriously rear the standard of faith, cheer the face of the Church which you have saddened, and win of our Lord not only mercy but a crown. Farewell, do manfully, and let thy heart be strong."

As soon as the King possessed a copy of the three letters we have quoted, the spirit of controversy seemed to descend upon him. For some time he totally neglected the affairs of State, shut himself up with his divines, and laboured hard to answer the Pope and the Cardinal. His reply appeared anonymously under the curious title of *Triplici nodo triplex cuneus*. The triple knot was the royal metaphor employed to signify the letter of Bellarmine and the two Briefs of the Pope. So sure was James that these three productions would be destroyed by his own, and so confident did he feel in the success of his work, that on the title-page he wrote, *Tunc omnes clamaverunt et dixerunt: magna est veritas et prævalet*. Bellarmine felt called upon to answer him, and in imitation of the King he wrote not precisely anonymously but under the assumed name of *Matthæus Tortus*.³ He assured the royal author that he ought not to sing his pæans before the victory is secured. It is true that people will cry out and say, great is the truth and it shall prevail, but they will cry out in favour of him who defends the truth, and not of him who attacks it, since the triple cord is not easily broken, and the triple wedge far from unfastening the triple knot had not even touched it. In the course of his answer Bellarmine mentioned the negotiations that had been going on between the King and the Court of Rome about his reception into the fold of the Church, and how he had asked for a Cardinal's hat for a Scotchman in order that his intercourse

³ Matthæus Tortus was the name of one of Bellarmine's servants.

with the Pope might be less restrained.⁴ The discovery of this duplicity nettled the King; he seemed to have forgotten that by descending anonymously into the arena of controversy he exposed himself to the danger of a reply, and thinking his royal dignity had suffered at the hands of Bellarmine, he immediately sent out a second edition of his *Apology for the Oath*, acknowledged the authorship, and dedicated it to the Emperor Rudolphus and the Princes of the Christian world. To this edition he affixed a Preface, in which he complained of Bellarmine, a man of low birth, daring to measure his strength with a King; he accused him also of having himself lost all respect for royalty, and of endeavouring to withdraw lawful subjects from their allegiance. Moreover, said the King, "I assert that in my reign, as in that of the defunct Queen, no one has been put to death for the sake of his conscience and religion. This I have proved in my *Apology*." The personal attack on Bellarmine would not have provoked an answer had not the cause of religion demanded it. The Cardinal was not satisfied with issuing a second edition of his work, but wrote an *Apology for his reply to a book of James, King of Great Britain, in which also is refuted the admonitory Preface of the same King*. In his turn he too dedicated his work to the "Emperor Rudolphus, and the other kings and princes who acknowledge God as a Father, and the Catholic Church as a mother." Nothing could be at the same time more modest or more direct to the point than this reply. There is not a word of self-defence or an allusion to the onslaught made upon him. He denies that in his first answer he was instigated by any ill-feeling towards the King, but it was necessary to speak in defence of his religion, and who had a better right of doing so than a Cardinal? One of the excuses which the King urged for attacking Bellarmine was that when Campian was disputing on a religious question with some Protestant divines in the Tower of London he had quoted some words of his. "You do me an honour," said the Cardinal, "to bring me in any manner in connection with that glorious confessor of Jesus Christ. I regret that I have only seen once the brave and generous Edmund Campian. Would that I had lived many years with him to profit by the example

⁴ "Præsertim enim rex ipse ad Pontificem ipsum, nec non ad Cardinales Aldobrandinum et Bellarminum literas scripsisset plenas humanitatis, quibus, præter cætera, petebat ut aliquis e gente Scotorum Cardinalis Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ crearetur, ut haberet Romæ per quem facilius et tutius cum Pontifice negotia sua tractaret" (p. 47).

of his admirable virtues." The specious defence which the King made for the oath was, that it was purely political and had no reference to religion. Bellarmine answered that this could not be the case even from the very title of the oath, which ran thus: *Ad detegendos et reprimendos Papistas*. "If the oath is purely political," he says, "those who take it would only promise a political obedience, and the object which the Court of England proposes to itself could only be to distinguish its faithful subjects from those who are not, that is, to discover and put down rebels; but since the object of the oath is to discover and put down Papists, it is clear what the object aimed at is in exacting the oath from those who believe that the spiritual supremacy resides only in the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and consequently refuse to recognize any authority in the King of Great Britain that is not purely secular and civil. The Holy See is therefore right in forbidding English Catholics to take the oath that is demanded of them."

The controversy between the King and the Cardinal closed with this answer of Bellarmine, though it was carried on for some time by their respective partisans, and to demonstrate to Europe that no one was put to death in England for conscience' sake, James took care that many should be hanged, drawn, and quartered for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. One of his first victims was Father Thomas Garnett, of the Society, a cousin of Father Henry Garnett, who was martyred for his alleged complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. "On June 23, 1608," says the Protestant John Stow, "Thomas Garnett was put to death at Tyburn. He was offered his life on condition of taking the oath, and he refused."

Amid all these literary strifes old age began to tell on Bellarmine. For twenty-one years he had been the trusted adviser of four successive Popes in the government of the Church, and finding his days were drawing to a close, he asked permission of His Holiness to retire from Court and prepare for death. Throughout his long life the thought of death had never been absent from him, and as a presage of his approaching dissolution almost the last thing he wrote was a treatise he composed during his last month's retreat, on the *Art of dying well*. On August 16, 1621, he retired to the Novitiate of St. Andrew, and on the 28th of the same month, the feast of St. Augustine, towards whom he felt a particular devotion, his last sickness began. When he was asked to make his will, he declared that

he made the Society of Jesus heir, not of his wealth, of which he had none, but of his love and of his poverty. Every farthing that he could spare was invariably given to the poor, and when his servants had been paid, it was found that he had not left enough money to meet the expenses of his funeral. In preparation for receiving the Holy Viaticum he made his confession, but his confessor could not find matter for absolution till the saintly old man recalled to mind one or two imperfections of his past life. Though in the extremity of sickness he insisted on rising from his bed and prostrating himself on the ground to receive the Blessed Eucharist. He importuned his physician so much for leave to recite the Divine Office that they allowed him to say the Rosary on condition of his resting after every decade, lest a continued application for a few minutes might injure his head. When he knew that he would not be allowed to pray more than this, he exclaimed: "I think I am become a mere man of the world, and am no longer a religious, for I neither say Office nor Mass. I say no prayers. I do no good at all." His sick room was constantly filled with visitors. Amongst others His Holiness Gregory the Fifteenth came, and on seeing him Bellarmine^e exclaimed with real sentiments of humility: *Non sum dignus, ut intres sub tectum meum*. When the Pope expressed the sorrow he felt at the apparently certain loss he was about to sustain, the Cardinal said that he had lived long enough, "but I will pray God to grant your Holiness as long life as He has unto me." "I want his merits more than his years," whispered the Pope to his attendants. The last request the dying man made was to have the account of the death of St. Charles Borromeo read to him, in order that he might strive his best to make his end like to it. When his last hour at length came, he recited with great contrition the Psalm *Miserere*, and being advised to say the *Credo* in protestation of his faith, he repeated every article of it distinctly, and as he pronounced the last words *Et vitam eternam, Amen*, his pure soul passed to receive its reward at the hands of that Lord Whom he loved so affectionately, and Whose Church he had defended so well. He died on the feast of his great patron, St. Francis, September 17, 1621, at the age of seventy-nine.

Our object in sketching the life of Bellarmine has been to portray his public character. It would not be difficult to write as long an account of his private life. As it was Bellarmine's lot to be a leading character amongst the politicians of his day,

so was it his good fortune to be the intimate friend of the great saints of the sixteenth century. We have briefly alluded to his intimacy with St. Francis Borgia and St. Charles Borromeo. He was not only intimate with, but for some time was the confessor of St. Aloysius. The affection he bore this angelic youth was unbounded, and for years his longing wish was to be buried at the feet of the Saint whose soul he had guided to such a height of sanctity. His happiness in this respect did not end with the death of St. Aloysius. His own death-bed was to be consoled by the daily reports that were brought to him of that of another Jesuit saint. He and Blessed John Berchmans died within five weeks of each other; and we may gather a high estimate of Bellarmine's sanctity from a story we have on the authority of Father Thomas Fitzherbert, the Rector of the English College. He and some other Fathers were talking in Bellarmine's presence of Berchmans' eminent virtues, and were praising him because they all felt certain that he had never offended God by any deliberate venial fault. Whereupon Bellarmine said: "This does not seem to me to be a subject of praise, for who would knowingly offend God even by an imperfection?" And a moment afterwards he added: "I can't remember that I have ever offended God deliberately." It would be a long though an agreeable task to give the opinion which his contemporaries, particularly the members of the Sacred College, had of his sanctity; but we will here conclude by answering a question which may naturally rise on the lips of both Catholics and Protestants. How is it that the Church has not raised to the honour of her altars so holy a man and so able a champion of her doctrine? We can only say in reply that he has already been declared Venerable, and that the process of his canonization was stopped by the suppression of the Society of Jesus. A hindrance was placed to the beatification of many other servants of God by the same calamity; but as those cases which have been taken up since the restoration of the Society have terminated favourably, we believe the cause of Cardinal Bellarmine will have as fortunate an issue, when it is proceeded with, after peace has been restored to the Church.

WILLIAM DUBBERLEY.

The Native Tribes of North America and the Catholic Missions.

VII.—WESTERN ALGONQUINS.—THE OTTAWAS (*continued*).

THE choice of various important positions for the western missions among the Ottawas was pointed out in our last paper; and it happens that of all them, except Manitouline Island and Lake Nipissing, fell successively to the lot of Father Marquette. There might be, consequently, some danger of making our narrative tedious by its uniformity if we confined ourselves to the life of the discoverer of the Mississippi. The other most prominent missionaries, who worked with him in this field, will naturally take their places around him here to demand some share of our consideration. Marquette, moreover, was the founder of the Illinois and Miami Missions, which followed immediately that of the Ottawas, and his life forms the connecting link.

He was born in 1637, at Laon, in the north of France, where his family had been known since the fourteenth century; and he entered the Society of Jesus in 1654. As soon as he was ordained a priest, he ardently solicited the favour of being sent to a foreign mission; and as the province of Champagne to which he belonged had no employment of the kind to assign to its subjects, he was transferred to the province of France. In 1666 he sailed for Canada, and landed at Quebec on the 20th of September.

With scarcely any delay, he started for Three Rivers on the 10th of the following month, to labour among the Montagnais, and learn the Algonquin language under the direction of Father G. Druilletes, the former Apostle of the Abnakis. Both were to meet soon after in the west. His progress in the Montagnai dialect must have been rapid, since in 1668 he had already returned to Quebec; and he left that city on April the 21st, to go up the river to the Prairie de la Madeleine, near Montreal, whence he would finally start for Lake Superior.

At last a party of Nez-percés arrived, and with them Father Marquette embarked. According to the *Rélations*, he had with him a lay-brother, Louis le Boesme; according to Mr. Shea, it was Father Louis Nicolas, the former companion of Allouez. They followed the road of the Ottawa River and Lake Nipissing. I have not been able to ascertain on what day and month they finally reached Sault St. Mary; but the following year, 1669, Marquette had already written "that the harvest there was ready for the reapers, and the missionaries could directly proceed to baptize all the Indians of the place, to the number of two thousand." The other Fathers, however, were of opinion that it would be better to wait a little longer, and not admit them thus collectively into the Church, until they should have been more thoroughly instructed. Mr. Parksman, in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, pretends that "the Jesuits reckoned the number of conversions by the number of baptisms, and that an Indian would be baptized ten times a day for a pint of brandy and a pound of tobacco." But the reader already knows that this is a pure calumny.

It has been said in the previous paper that the Sault was Christian anteriorly to this; but there was then only question of the small Ottawa tribe of Sauteurs. The entire population of the place included many other Indians. A complete enumeration of them is made in the *Rélation* for 1670; and it is proper to give at least the substance of it, that the reader may understand the real numerical strength of this new mission. The Sauteurs proper, called in Algonquin *Pahouitingwach Irini*, were only one hundred and fifty in number. To them were affiliated three other tribes, including, all together, five hundred and fifty persons. Their names were, the Nouquets, south of the central village of the Sault, and the Outchibous and Maramegs on the north of the same. These seven hundred Indians were residents of the place, and never left it.

Besides these four nations, as they were called, there were seven other tribes dependent altogether on this place for fishing, who went occasionally to hunt in the neighbourhood. Three of these numbered more than four hundred souls. Of the remaining four the number is not ascertained. There were besides two tribes, mostly nomadic, hunting at a distance during winter, but returning to the Sault every summer for fishing; their population was estimated at five hundred. Finally, six other tribes, which for the greater part of the year were roaming

at a great distance to the northward, often came to fish at this outlet of Lake Superior.

The Fathers had built for this mixed population a fine chapel, which filled the simple children of the wilderness with wonder. The baptism of adults, as well as of children, was always celebrated there with all the ceremonial of the Church. Solemn exhortations were addressed to the neophytes during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The old men had days assigned to them for hearing the Word of God; and the children came every day in troops to learn the prayers and catechism. The Indians showed an assiduity and docility which had never been expected from their brethren, the Algonquins, in the east, before their thorough conversion. The only difficulty, it seems, experienced at Sault St. Mary came from one of their previous Pagan practices. This was the choice each one of them made of a particular manitou to whom he devoted himself for life. Every child, boy or even girl, having reached the age of ten or twelve, received from his father particular instructions for finding out his or her perpetual protector. A severe fast of several days duration formed the chief part of this exercise. The supposed Divine admonition came to the child during a dream; and the fast was continued until this took place. The emblem of the chosen manitou was tattooed on the body of the deluded worshipper, and almost every circumstance of his life helped to persuade him that this amulet was an infallible preservative against all possible ills, and a sure bestower of good luck.

Happy the people who find no greater obstacle than this to their conversion! It undoubtedly gave much trouble to the missionaries; but in spite of it, the Ottawas around the Sault were fast becoming as thorough Christians as were then the Montagnais of the east. The first Bishop of Quebec, Mgr. Laval, who was full of admiration for the virtues of these new Christians, and openly compared them to the first children of the Church at Jerusalem, reached Tadoussac on the 24th of June, 1668, visited the Montagnais along the Saguenay River, and gave the sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and forty-nine Indians. He afterwards entered into all the cabins of the village to console the sick and bestow charity on the poor. Their piety filled him with joy; and he protested that all the fatigues of this voyage were more than repaid by the pleasure he experienced in seeing religion flourishing among

them as much as among the most refined nations of Catholic Europe.

Already something resembling this might be observed among the new Christians of Sault St. Mary in the west. Father Dablon, the Superior of the western missions, laboured arduously among them with Father Marquette. Druilletes, from the east, was sent to aid both, though he was advanced in age; and the Ottawas of La Pointe being yet far from having fully corresponded to the zeal of Allouez (who openly left them on account of their hardness of heart), Marquette was sent thither to see if it were not possible to improve their dispositions. He left the Sault in August, 1669, and reached La Pointe on September 13th, after a month's navigation amid snow and ice.

When the young and ardent missionary arrived, he found everything in confusion. The infatuated Ottawas were just on the point of going to war with the Nadouessi, or Sioux, exactly as they had been when Allouez first arrived among them. Father Marquette's first attention was to prevent this outbreak if possible. He sent presents to the Sioux, and among them pictures of Christ and His Mother, and did all he could by his message to allay their warlike spirit.

He thought for some time he had succeeded; so that he began in earnest his mission among the Ottawas. He found at that place five large villages—four Algonquin and one Huron. Of these the Hurons and the Kiskakous (of the Algonquin race) were Christians, at least in name; the other tribes were bitterly opposed to the faith. Allouez had left that mission on this account, and gone to the Green Bay. Marquette, on arriving, did not lose courage, and began by reviving the devotion of the Christians before attacking the superstitions of the heathen. When he came among the Kiskakous, they were all occupied in gathering their Indian corn or maize. This was a better opportunity for the missionary than if they had been fishing. He made them come to prayer morning and evening, baptized the new-born infants, and visited at nightfall those of the tribe whom he found well disposed. The chief, before Marquette arrived, had attached the carcass of a dog to a high pole, a ceremony which is intended to signify an act of sacrifice to the sun. A word from the Father induced him to order that the loathsome object should be removed from sight. Visits to the sick, to those who were tempted to return to Paganism, to

women who had left their husbands, and the like, occupied a great part of his time.

After harvest was over, he induced the Kiskakous not to go hunting during winter with the Pagan tribes, but to remain in their village near the church. This was a great victory over their natural inclination, and it also enabled him to employ the whole winter in instructing them. Father Louis Nicholas was with him, and perhaps some other missionary. He thought that by instilling a strong religious feeling into this tribe, he would be able to make a deep impression on the others, who were still Pagans, because as he wrote, "the Kiskakous have obtained the upper hand over the other three nations, and it can be said that the Pagans follow their lead implicitly." It is important to give a few lines of the same letter where he describes his occupations during these dreary months. "The severity of the winter and the bad weather did not prevent the Kiskakous from coming to the chapel. Some of them did not let a single day pass without making their appearance; and I was busy receiving them from morning to night. I prepared some of them for baptism; I instructed others for confession; I drove away from their minds many absurd notions. The ancients among them openly told me that most of their boys had no sense—*n'avaient point d'esprit*—and that I must put an end to their dissipation and revels. I answered, that they should themselves pay more attention to their girls, and not allow young men to go and see them after nightfall. . . . I repeated this injunction frequently, because I knew what the girls had to suffer in that regard, and what degree of courage was required of them to resist. In general, however, they are now careful about modesty; and the French acknowledge that there is a great difference between them and the young women of the Pagan tribes."

In taking all this trouble for his Christians, Marquette did not altogether neglect the heathen. Three of those Ottawa tribes had constantly refused to listen to Allouez. They mocked him when he spoke to them; and the young people even sneered at him when he said what he thought of their dissolute behaviour. For there was, it seems, a great difference in point of morals between the Ottawas of La Pointe and those of Sault St. Mary. It has been previously said that the great obstacles to their conversion were polygamy and the witchcraft of the medicine men. But this letter of Marquette opens a new

view of moral corruption which is not often presented by the narratives of other missionaries in North America. It seems from his expressions (which are too clear to give room to any doubt), that there was not, among these western Ottawas, any Pagan unmarried woman who did not unblushingly offend against purity. This took place with the knowledge of all ; and was apparently encouraged by the wretched parents themselves. Every girl could call to her cabin at night any young man she took a fancy to. There is nothing more to add. Many a modern ethnologist or economist may find in this a proof that moral principles are not invariable and unchangeable, and that what is revolting to the Christian conscience, sits easily on that of the heathen. But it would be a wrong conclusion. From the whole narrative of Marquette, it is manifest that this universal moral disorder was known to be sinful by the whole race, even before the teaching of Christianity reached them. At least, after their conversion not a single one pretended the contrary. The zealous missionary, after various efforts to bring to Christ those Pagan tribes, found that one of them—the Sinagaux—was for the time irreclaimable ; and he refused even to baptize their children when they asked it, unless they were seriously sick. He did not show himself so severe for the Keinouché, another Pagan Ottawa tribe. His general rule, if strict, was extremely prudent. When there was question of immoral practices like those just described, he was uncompromising, because he knew their own conscience was on his side. In everything of an indifferent character, on the contrary, he left them perfectly free, and was not one of those who wished to make Frenchmen of savages—*qui voulaient franciser les sauvages*. As to the superstitious practices to which the Indians were strongly attached, he thought that they could not easily see these practices were wrong, and he tried to replace them by either harmless or Christian customs. Of these last cases, Marquette himself wrote in one of his letters : “The Pagan feasts always begin by a sacrifice, and it is difficult to abolish this custom, which has for them the character of religion. We have obtained it from those who are Christians by a kind of stratagem. I have thought that I could allow them to keep what is good in it whilst taking away what is evil. Their main object in it is to find an opportunity for declamation at the beginning of a solemn repast. I have induced them to call in general on God, from Whom they ask good health and every other temporal blessing.”

By these simple means, evidently consistent with strict principles, the holy man was doing great good among the Pagans, who never made mockery of his discourses, as they had done in the case of his predecessor. But in the midst of these numerous occupations, an incident occurred which became a few years later the origin of the greatest event in Marquette's life, namely, the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River. Its existence was already known to the missionaries; but the presence of the Sioux west of Lake Superior, prevented them from indulging the hope of soon reaching it. Marquette learned, during that first winter at La Pointe, that there was a way to do so free from the fear of the terrible Nadouessi. This was through the Illinois country, south-west of his present position, where scarcely any Sioux had penetrated.

A party of that nation (Illinois) had arrived on the shore of the Chaguamegon Bay to trade with the Ottawas. As the Illinois never constructed canoes, and always travelled on foot, they had followed a wild path through the country; and after thirty days of a wearisome journey they had reached the Lake, and began to trade. They had brought as commodities only slaves, whom they exchanged against guns, powder, kettles, hatchets and knives. Marquette found at first a great difficulty in understanding these Illinois, because their Algonquin dialect was very different from the Montagnai or the Ottawa. But they gave him as a present a young slave who had come with them, and who was to teach him their language, that he might go to live with them and make them Christians, for they expressed the wish to embrace "the prayer."

The country of the Illinois bordered on the Mississippi, and they could give concerning it many details unknown before to Europeans. But what appeared still more interesting to the zealous missionary was to learn from the same Indians that another "great river," distant a six or seven days' journey from their country, came from the west and joined the first in their neighbourhood. This was evidently the Missouri, to which, however, they gave quite another name. This was news enough for one occasion, and Marquette could await for future facilities. In the same letter he says that "the Illinois were formerly at war with the Nadouessi, but they had made peace some time before, and he himself had confirmed it (by his presents, no doubt), so that they could come unmolested to La Pointe."

All he had done so far in those parts, therefore, was due

after God to the peace that prevailed with the Sioux. Unfortunately this was not to last long after this time. The presents which Father Marquette had sent them—pictures and other objects—had been kept by them, but not formally accepted. They had answered that “with regard to these presents they would wait for the return of all their people who were then hunting. Some of them would go next fall to La Pointe, in order to have an interview with the Illinois and at the same time a conversation with me.”¹

I cannot find any detail with regard to this interview and this conversation. But I read in the Report for 1671 that “the Ottawas and the Hurons of La Pointe had so far contrived to keep at peace with the Sioux; but in the previous winter—that which followed the time appointed for the interview—complications arose which foreboded a breaking out of hostilities; and several murders having taken place on both sides, the Hurons and the Ottawas prepared to leave that part of Lake Superior, because they could not alone cope against the Sioux.”

It seems, therefore, that the interview announced the year previous, which must have taken place in the fall, had been somewhat stormy, though the preservation of peace was not altogether hopeless. It was only during the winter which followed that blood had been shed, and war made inevitable. War was in fact declared early in the spring by the Sioux, who sent back Marquette's presents and prepared for their expedition.

The Ottawas and the Hurons despaired of successfully opposing them, and had no resource but to take flight. The first repaired in their canoes to Manitouline Island, and the second, with Marquette, to Michillimackinac. The La Pointe mission was thus broken up finally, at least till a quite recent time. It is not known whether the Sioux established themselves permanently in that place. But at least it seems certain that they did not dare to pursue their enemies; so that Michillimackinac soon prospered and became a much more important position than the former one, as it was much more easy to reach the Mississippi by the way of Lake Michigan and the Illinois River. La Pointe, in fact, had been chosen by Allouez chiefly in the view of evangelizing the Sioux, although there was then scarcely any prospect of undertaking this.

It is probably for this reason that Father Nouvel, having

¹ *Rélation* for 1670.

been at that time appointed Superior of all the Western Missions (instead of Father Dablon who was recalled to Quebec), took good care to visit and organize the missions at all the points previously enumerated, except at La Pointe, which henceforth seems to have been altogether forgotten, until the beginning of this century.

Michillimackinac was chosen by the Hurons, because they had temporarily lived there at the time of their flight before the Iroquois, and they knew the abundance of fish in the neighbourhood. Marquette, on his side, was aware that the importance of this place had been pointed out by Allouez and Dablon, as being the only outlet of Lake Michigan. Thus both the teacher and his neophytes were well pleased with their new dwelling. The Indians built at once a palisade fort, no doubt less strong and less skilfully made than the old fortresses found among the Iroquois by Cartier and Champlain, a century earlier, but sufficient for their defence if attacked by the Nadouessi. Marquette's first care was to raise a chapel simply built of logs with a roof of bark; it sufficed for the needs and the taste of the neophytes; and the Hurons began again to entone in it their former sacred songs, and to feel their faith reviving under the instructions of their holy teacher.

The Ottawas who had fled to Manitouline Island, met there with Father André, who had been appointed to visit the missions in the various islands of Lake Huron. When the Christian Kiskakous arrived, they found him suffering severely from hunger, but ready to evangelize them. He visited them in their cabins, which were the only places where he could speak to them of God. But after he had been dangerously bitten by one of their dogs, they built for him a small chapel where he brought the children together every day, in the morning to teach them their prayers, and in the evening to explain to them the mysteries of the faith by the help of pictures and images.

He soon produced a complete change among these poor Ottawas, who had given so much trouble to Allouez and Marquette. But the difficulty of subsisting on the spot they had first chosen, obliged them to disperse, and many of them went to join the Hurons at Baie des Puans and Michillimackinac. A certain number, however, must have remained, and many Pagan Ottawas must have been converted by Father André; since Father Nouvel, who temporarily visited

the island of Manitouline a year or two later, found many fervent Christians in it, as stated at length in the *Rélation* for 1672. It is known that the same mission has subsisted to this day, as a proof, like those of the Montagnais and other tribes, that the former labours of missionaries have not all been in vain.

Marquette, therefore, saw the number of his neophytes increased not only by his own personal efforts, but also by aid from without. In a manuscript letter quoted by Mr. Shea, which this author supposes to have been written in 1672, he says that his Hurons numbered that year three hundred and eighty souls; and in addition to this sixty Ottawas had joined them. "These," he adds, "are quite changed from what I saw them at La Pointe. The zeal and patience of Father André have gained to the faith those hearts which seemed to us most adverse to it." One little incident of his labours among them deserves to be quoted. "Severe as the winter is, it does not prevent the Indians from coming to the chapel. Some come twice a day, however cold the wind may be. Last fall I began to instruct some of them to make general confessions of their whole life, and to prepare others who have never confessed since their baptism. I could not have supposed that Indians would ever be able to give so exact an account of all that had happened in the course of their life; but they entered seriously into the work, and some of them took two weeks to examine themselves."

He was engaged in these holy labours when the joyful news arrived that he had been chosen by his Superiors to explore that celebrated western river which had been for some time the great object of his thoughts and of his prayers. He was to be the companion of Joliet, a Canadian gentleman, in this enterprise. The Intendant, M. Talon, who was still at Quebec, had managed the whole affair. In his intention Joliet was to be the man of action, and Marquette only his assistant. Who now thinks of Joliet when there is question of the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi? He arrived, however, at Michillimackinac on the day of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, December 8, 1672, and the winter was spent in making the necessary preparations. Father Pierson (or Pierron) was to replace Marquette at Mackinan, the modern name for Michillimackinac.

On May 17, 1673, the travellers finally embarked in two

canoes with five men, and proceeded to Green Bay. Three years previous Allouez, on leaving La Pointe, had come to reside in this place, where he found a motley assemblage of Sacks and Foxes, Pottowatomies, and Winnebagoes. The first three of these tribes belonged to the Algonquin race, and came also under the general name of Ottawas; the Winnebagoes were by origin an offshoot of the Sioux. Allouez on his arrival assembled the Sachems, explained the Christian doctrine, and the purpose he had in view, and urged them to embrace "the prayer." He soon formed a numerous congregation, and a permanent village was established at this important point on the future road to Mississippi.

The following April the same missionary visited another Pottowatomie village at the very bottom of Green Bay, and entered the Fox River, where he soon became acquainted with several other nations, chiefly the Mascoutens, or Fire Nation, the Miamis and Kickapoos, who roamed along that stream, the Fox, as well as along the Wisconsin River. He became in course of time the apostle of the whole country now called the State of Wisconsin; but when Marquette arrived Allouez had not yet launched his canoe on the larger stream of that name. Father André, after a short stay in Manitouline Island, came to his help, and both founded their hope of a future harvest more on the Winnebagoes and Menomonees than on the tribes of Algonquin stock. In this they were deceived, as the sequel showed. But the conviction at which they soon arrived that this was the true road to the great river could not be a delusion, and Marquette profited by it when he undertook his important mission.

He himself states, in his most interesting narrative, that of the Pottowatomies and Foxes residing at the bottom of the bay, the Fathers (meaning no doubt Allouez and André) "had already baptized more than two thousand since they had been there." But he chiefly enlarges on the efforts made by the Menomonees (whom he calls *la nation de la folle avoine*), to prevent him from going farther west than the Fox River, where they resided. "On the Mississippi," they said, "he would find nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without any provocation. . . . The Great River," they added, "is very dangerous, full of frightful monsters, who swallow up men and canoes together." The zealous missionary would not be deterred from his projects by this well-meant advice. He thanked them,

but said he could not follow it, because the salvation of souls was concerned. Even without the monsters with which their imagination peopled the stream the danger was certainly as great as they declared.

At the Mascouten's town, surrounded by scenery which Marquette admired for its picturesqueness and beauty, he remarked that the Miamis were "more civil and refined, and of better appearance than the Maskoutens and Kickapoos, who," he said, "are ruder, and look more like peasants." Christianity already flourished in this place, and "he was extremely consoled to see a beautiful cross planted in the midst of the town, adorned with white skins, red belts, bows and arrows, which these good people had offered to the Great Manitou, to thank Him for having had pity on them during the past winter, and giving them plenty of game when they were in dread of famine."

Two young Miamis were given to the travellers as guides, and all wondered that seven Frenchmen alone in two bark canoes dared to undertake so strange and so hazardous an expedition. Three leagues west from this point they found the portage between Fox River and the Wisconsin, and they found likewise that the distance between the two streams was only "twenty-seven hundred paces." At that point, the narrator says, "we leave the waters which flow to Quebec, a distance of four or five hundred leagues, to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands." Their observations were all exact; but if they spoke so coolly it was because, trusting in God, they despised all perils.

When they arrived at the mouth of the Wisconsin River they ascertained the latitude to be $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north, and sure enough the Mississippi flowed gracefully and grandly before them. On sounding they found ten fathoms of water; they estimated its breadth at two hundred and twenty yards.

But this was not the furious and devastating torrent which always comes to the mind when the name of Mississippi is pronounced. The travellers when they started the voyage were hundreds of miles north of its junction with the Missouri, which gives it its appalling character, and the sight is truly appalling when it is seen for the first time below the junction. Above, on the contrary, it is one of the most beautiful and tranquil rivers that can be seen on the face of the globe. This is not, however, the place to describe it in both its aspects, and we must hasten

to the successful end of Marquette and Joliet's undertaking, when they had reached rougher waters in 33° latitude.

It is not possible, however, to carry the reader directly down to Arkansas without a word of reflection on the almost unimaginable position of these two heroic men, Marquette and Joliet, with their five companions of less note. When one reads Marquette's narrative without the help of a map, or without knowing the country, it looks almost like the most simple pleasure-party undertaken by a small party of ladies and gentlemen in a well-appointed yacht along one of our bays or rivers. Never a word of exclamation falls from the pen of the holy man. He is so intent on saving souls that, whenever he meets with a few stray Indians roaming in these frightful solitudes he speaks of the incident at great length, and with all the details the reader can wish. Of the stream itself, with its rapid course, its muddy waters, its devastating fury along both banks, its vast piles of rooted-out trees, flung as if by a troop of wicked demons on islands, rocks, and sand-bars, scarcely a word is said; nothing at least that could give the least idea of so stupendous a spectacle. I have seen it, and I have been in admiration of it for days together.

Still, in the midst of everything terrific and appalling, the two frail canoes were dancing on the raging waters, ready to be engulfed at every breath of wind or blast of the storm. It is impossible to imagine that this did not come often to Marquette's mind, especially if we think that his voyage took place just in June, when the river is at its highest, and the rapidity of the stream most fearful. But he kept himself in the hands of Providence, trusted in God, and the fear of all the dangers by which he was surrounded could not make an impression on his soul. The chief and almost only precaution they took was not to travel at night, but to secure their canoes on some island and sleep on the shore.

M. Garneau, who relates this expedition in a kindly spirit in his *Histoire de Canada*, does not seem to understand the real position of Marquette and his companions. He dwells at some length upon a circumstance which happened at the beginning of the journey, and to which he seems to attribute the security of the travellers. The first Illinois chieftain they met on the Upper Mississippi received them kindly, and he placed in Marquette's hands a calumet adorned with wampum and feathers. "*C'était*," says the historian, "*un passeport inviolable*

chez les nations indigènes." M. Garneau seems to think that these intrepid Frenchmen had nothing to fear except from the few scattered Indians whom they were likely to meet in their journey, and that the calumet sufficed for their absolute security.

The solitude itself was in truth a more forbidding feature of their travels. To paddle day after day, month after month, on an interminable stream, overflowing its banks, so as to look at times like the sea itself, running at the rate of eight miles an hour, often turned into a boiling ocean of foam and waves, covered with immense trees, floating at random or fixed as "snags" in the muddy bed, with no living thing in sight except turkey buzzards or screeching woodpeckers (which Marquette called parroquets), was far more formidable than to see from time to time a few forlorn Indians, scarcely visible on the oozy ground of the distant shore. It is said that long before this enterprize of Marquette Spaniards had come from Mexico, and had discovered the lower part of the river. Mr. Shea, in his *Discovery of the Mississippi*, speaks at length of several expeditions of this kind, particularly of that of De Soto. The river was described by him, so that its identity with the one discovered long after by Marquette could not be gainsaid. But De Soto at least thought he saw "large and populous towns, well defended by walls and towers, pierced with regular loopholes, and surrounded by well made ditches." The reader, it is true, knows scarcely what to believe of that description; but the position of De Soto (such as described) was far less dreary than that of the Jesuit, who was going he did not know whither, and saw around him only a wild region of storms almost without inhabitants.

It is now known how all this ended. Arrived at the mouth of the Arkansas river, in the 33° degree of latitude, the Frenchmen heard from the Indians that the sea could be reached in ten days. They had thus ascertained that the Mississippi flowed into the gulf of Mexico, which they knew was near both from their latitude and from the heat of the climate. They saw in the hands of the red men steel axes, which they evidently received from Europeans. These could not be but Spaniards, whose establishments of Mavilla (Mobile) and Pensacola were already known. If they had fallen into the hands of these bold adventurers of Central America, the best treatment they could expect was to be regarded as intruders or perhaps spies. Their provisions, moreover, were nearly exhausted, and there

was no game they could reach except birds. They could with justice consider their expedition as so far successful and worthy of the high approval of the French King and his ministers. They turned, therefore, their canoes towards the mouth, and in due course of time they left the Ohio and the Missouri behind them, but instead of pursuing their journey as far as the Wisconsin river, from which they had come, they entered the mouth of the Illinois, stopped a few days with the Peorias, to begin a mission which Marquette had promised them, and crossing over to Lake Michigan, the missionary arrived, towards the end of September, at the great Indian village in Green Bay. The whole trip had lasted four months.

His labours among the Peorias and Kaskakias, during the year following, ending with his death, will be briefly recounted in the next paper, which will be devoted to the Illinois missions.

The mission of Sault St. Mary, left in charge of Druilletes, who died in 1679, passed successively into the hands of Bailloquet, Bonneault, and many others. It continued as a Christian congregation, undefiled any longer by Paganism, during the whole of the eighteenth century; and, though reduced to-day to a few hundred souls, it still remains as another proof of the steadfastness of Indians when they become thoroughly Christian. This must suffice for Sault St. Mary.

Michillimackinac, intrusted by Marquette to Father Philip Pierson, soon flourished to such a degree that Father Nouval, the Superior at the West, came himself to take charge of the Ottawas, and to live at this new centre. In a short time the Kiskakous numbered about 1,300, and the Hurons 500. Mr. Shea who vouches for this statement, adds directly after: "Each village was under an officer of the faith and a catechist, who after the missionary had finished his instruction, repeated and explained it. The dances were by this time almost abolished, those only of the women permitted, and at these the chants were consecrated by religion. The Sundays and holidays were kept with extraordinary piety, and both villages assembled every Thursday afternoon at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In fact Mackinan began to rival Laprairie and Lorette in the East, in the fervour and piety of its Christian Indians."

But this mission was to be sorely tried during the whole eighteenth century. La Salle in his rash attempts to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, fatally injured the missionary cause

by his unfounded accusations against the Jesuits, whom he thoroughly hated without any solid reason. Dissensions followed among the Indians; and the Winnebagoes, on whom the missionaries had so much relied, were soon prejudiced against them, and went so far as to plot their destruction. Unprincipled Europeans were the cause of many disorders.

Michillimackinac, in the midst of constant troubles of this kind, was several times abandoned, and many Ottawas prepared to go to dwell around Detroit, where Pontiac later on made soldiers of them when England took possession of the country. Still the Jesuits never entirely forsook the place; and waiting for a better opportunity, they laboured not only on this spot, but also among all the tribes scattered around Lake Michigan. Besides Allouez, Pierson, and Nouvel, Mr. Shea names Albanel, Gravier, Aveneau, Stephen de Carheil, and Nicholas Potier. For a time "there remained at Mackinan only a few Algonquins, all heathens, with some *coueurs de bois*, almost as heathen as they."² France had lost her power under Louis the Fifteenth, and could not keep together her far scattered colonies.

The fact is that the whole eighteenth century was a period of incessant dissensions and feuds among all Ottawa tribes, often incited by the brutal passions of foreigners, and this period was immediately succeeded by the wars of the English and French, which ended under Choiseul in the surrendering of all the French possessions to England.

So late, however, as 1765, the Fathers Marin, Louis, Lefranc, and Peter du Jaunay were stationed at Mackinan. Mr. Parkman³ speaks favourably of the last one whom he calls Jonois, and who was probably present at the massacre of the English at Michillimackinac in 1763. He saved as many of them as he could.

The missions at Green Bay and on the Fox river shared in all these vicissitudes; and the new missionaries who came to direct them (among others, Father Chardon, whom Charlevoix met at Green Bay in 1721, and Father Marrest, who in 1711 was Superior of the Ottawa and Illinois missions) had often to change quarters, and to follow their neophytes in their wanderings. For nearly one hundred years all these rich countries were convulsed with wars and bloody strifes. How could it be expected that the conversion of those tribes begun

² J. G. Shea.

³ *Conspiracy of Pontiac*

only a few years before should have been successfully carried out in such circumstances as these to their complete Christianization? How could, for instance, the Pottowatomies, whom Marquette found with the Foxes to the number of 2,000 Christians in a single village at Green Bay, have continued to rush at the same rate into the arms of the Church, though always open to receive them? It is certainly not difficult to explain the ultimate want of success with which the revilers of the missionaries tauntingly reproach them. The true cause of it lay on the side of the enemies of the Jesuit Fathers.

It was only after the American Revolution that peace began to heal the wounds of this unfortunate country. There were then a very few priests scattered over those vast solitudes. Still the missions were resumed as soon as this became possible.

A. J. THEBAUD.

St. Paul's, London.

PART THE SECOND.—THE FALL.

WITH the Great Schism between Avignon and Rome, rending Christian States abroad, and at home the uprising of revolt against the Church in the form of Wickliffe, we enter upon the evil times, that foreboded greater ills. The glorious fabric of St. Paul's was to crumble and to disappear beneath the ashes of conflagration and the sands of time, and the immaterial Church in England was to fall, and for a time, at least, to be hidden beneath the accumulation of heresy and the loss of faith. The scandalous scene of Wickliffe, supported by John of Gaunt and Earl Percy, insulting the episcopal authority under the very roof of St. Paul's, was a grave sign of the canker-worm which had attacked the faith of the higher orders in England. But the people were yet true, and in defence of Bishop Courtney cleared the nave and swept the high-born insulters from the church. Ere long, and the fanatic Lollards dared to affix on the doors of St. Paul's their infamous protests against the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, against prayers for the departed, and against the celibacy of the clergy. Truly might Froissart write: "The times are changed from good to evil!" During the episcopate of Bishop de Braybroke, a lamentable state of things was revealed by his energetic efforts to recur to the ancient zeal and devotion both of the cathedral clergy and the people. The unhappy custom of not living in Residence had reduced the Chapter to two residentiaries. The refectory, and chambers built in earlier times for the Chapter, were deserted or turned to base purposes.¹ Funds for chantries had been alienated, and even some of the sacred vessels and ornaments of the church had disappeared. What wonder that under such conditions the reverence and respect for God's house should decay, that the young should have come to "play at ball or at other unseemly games both within and without the church,"

¹ Milman, *St. Paul's*, p. 82.

whilst their seniors in the church "expose their wares as in a public market, and buy and sell without reverence for the holy place."² The painful scene of the degradation of the apostate priest and Wycliffite—William Sautree (1400)—stripped of his chasuble and the other insignia of his priestly character, till at last, with his tonsure obliterated, and with the headgear of a layman on his head, he was thrust out of the Cathedral³—was a further sign of the evil spirit that was about, and unhappily he was not a solitary example of a false shepherd and "hireling." With the exhibition of Roger Bolinbroke as a necromancer and a dealer in diabolic magic on a scaffold in front of St. Paul's, and the penance in the Churchyard of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester⁴—

Mailed up in shame with papers on my back,
And followed by a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears,⁵

—as scenes characteristic of the times, we pass on through the dire times of the struggle of the rival Roses till the short-lived peace-making beneath St. Paul's. With his devoted and noble-hearted Queen at his side, but with his false-hearted nobles about him, King Henry was crowned in the Palace of St. Paul's, and afterwards, bearing crown and sceptre, heard Mass in the Cathedral. A few short years and "the holy King" lay a corpse beneath the vaulted roof of St. Paul's, broken hearted, if not foully murdered, and Edward the Fourth, victorious and King of England, passed triumphant up the nave. Again we see the King's favoured mistress, the degraded but lovely Jane Shore, do penance at St. Paul's, and then Richard, with "his wandering eyes and haggard looks and hand that ever clutched his dagger," was received at the great portals with all pomp and circumstance. It was about this time that Kemp, who sat in the episcopal throne of St. Paul's for over four reigns of these days of trouble, rebuilt Paul's Cross, which we have described elsewhere. It was from this Cross that seemed to part the first barbed arrows of the so-called "Reformation." Latimer and Ridley, Forrest and Bonner, one after another harangued the crowd which gathered about in the Churchyard, and listened with amazement to the coarse words, the bitter conflict, which day by day was intensified as the evil spirit of rebellion and

² Wharton, apud Milman, pp. 83, 84.

³ Milman, p. 85.

⁴ Milman, p. 99.

⁵ Shakespeare, *Henry VI.* Act ii. Scene 4.

irreligion throve. A scene of pageantry, not unworthy of the palmiest days of St. Paul's glory, was enacted when Prince Arthur and the Princess Katherine of Spain were wedded before its still undimmed and yet undefiled high altar. Before the marriage five bishops, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, met the Princess at the venerable western door, all in their full pontificals, and conducted her to the high altar, where she made her offerings. Three days after, the wedding took place. The entire walls of the Cathedral were hung with arras, a broad platform covered with red cloth was raised the whole length of the nave, along which passed the brilliant marriage procession. Eight bishops and six mitred abbots assisted, and we can imagine the splendour of the sight albeit it was in the gloom of an English November (1501). The Bishop gave up his palace hard by to the newly married couple, and the deans and canons lodged the princely train of Spanish grandees. Till the splendid mortuary chapel of Henry the Seventh at St. Peter's, Westminster, was completed, the body of this our last Catholic King lay for awhile in state in St. Paul's. Henry the Eighth makes an early appearance in St. Paul's, for it is at the foot of the high altar that is girded on him the sword sent to him on his accession by Pope Leo the Tenth. A gorgeous procession followed this ceremony, and swept round the aisles of the Cathedral. With cross and taper and banner, with vestments and copes such as we have described, the clergy went first, and were followed by the King, splendid in jewels of priceless value, and robed in gold and satin and velvet, behind came in gowns of silk and costly furs the nobility of England and the Ambassador from the Holy See. Mass followed, with its solemn chants accompanied and sustained by music both vocal and instrumental, and the King left, as he arrived, on a black palfrey, surrounded by his guards, and followed by his nobles afoot. The following year (1515) a no less striking ceremonial took place in St. Paul's, when, in the presence of the King, two Papal Legates, one archbishop, twelve bishops, and six abbots, Mary, Princess of England, was betrothed to the Dauphin of France. The King sat in an inclosed space screened about with cloth of gold, on one hand of the high altar, having a small altar erected in front of him, and on the other side of the high altar was enthroned the Cardinal of York, with the Legate Campeggio at his side. The platform, which we have mentioned as forming a feature in

the Cathedral on the marriage of Prince Arthur, was on this occasion again erected, and from it the Legates blessed the assembled multitude in the nave and transepts. On this occasion Wolsey officiated, and a few years later (1521) he, then Legate *à latere* and Cardinal, and Archbishop of York, assisted at St. Paul's Cross at the publication of the Papal sentence against Martin Luther, the fallen Augustinian friar, whose books were burned in the Churchyard. But there was soon a truce to pageants, and piety became a crime. Henry had fallen into the toils of Boleyn. His spotless Queen, the mother of his five children, was to be thrust aside, and the opposition of the Church to his lust was the sign for persecution. The *premunire* was published, and the King rudely and sternly demanded £100,000 from the clergy. A sad scene was enacted in the Chapter House of St. Paul's when, under this ban of royal spoliation and tyranny, Bishop Stokesley had to call on his clergy of all grades to swell the royal exchequer, however small their own stipends. Six hundred assembled priests protested against this great wrong, the people took their part, and the vast crowd surged beneath the vaulted roof of the Chapter House of St. Paul's. But the King had his way, and with Cranmer, the fallen priest, the consummate hypocrite, on one hand, and Cromwell, the brutal and unscrupulous adventurer, on the other, Henry the Eighth held on in his assault upon the Church. St. Paul's was not however at once affected by the dissolution of the monasteries, and the King dared to present himself, though under the ban of Rome, and an open heretic, at the foot of the altar, where the Most Blessed Sacrament still was suspended, whilst his followers blasphemed and mocked at It. But as the author of *Our Lady's Dowry* writes, "it was reserved for his son Edward the Sixth to quench the lights before the Blessed Sacrament,"⁶ and before the weak and bigoted boy-King had been nine months on the throne, the work of destruction commenced. "On the Vth day after September (1547) began the King's visitation at Powll's, and all the images were pulled down," writes the chronicler of the Grey Friars, whose church and monastery hard by had already been sacked and ruined. It was in 1549 that Dean Coverdale commanded that the Lord and Master of St. Paul's, dwelling there for so many centuries in the Most Blessed Sacrament, should be moved. We may hope, in the eloquent words of

⁶ Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., *Our Lady's Dowry*, p. 416.

Cardinal Manning, "that some holy priest, in sorrow, yielding to the violence of the storm then falling upon the Church, out of love of his Divine Master, removed the Eucharistical Presence to save It from profanation."⁷ On the 26th of June of that same year the Sacrifice of the Mass was discontinued "by order."

We have already endeavoured by extracts from Dugdale, quoting the inventory of St. Paul's treasury as made in 1295, to give an idea of its wealth in plate, church furniture, vestments, &c. Doubtless during the lapse of years the piety of the faithful had added to these treasures, but now (1552-3) all these were swept away, melted down, turned to base uses, bartered for, and scattered far and wide.⁸ Soon the wretched Dean and Chapter were forced to beg for the most "necessary articles" for the performance of the maimed rites at St. Paul's, amongst others "a silver pot for the wine, and the written text of the Gospels and Epistles."⁹ When we couple with this humble request the demand for £8 6s. 6d. for pulling down and levelling the steps of the high altar of St. Paul's,¹⁰ we need hardly comment on the position which the "Reformed Religion" occupied in the Metropolitan Church of England! Already the "Clochier" had been played for, as against £100, on a cast of dice between the late King and one Sir Miles Partridge, and the knight won the tower and the "Jesus Bells." The gilded image of St. Paul was taken down, and the tower swept away. It is worth remembrance that this sacrilegious man expiated his crime but a few years later on the scaffold. In the dead of night the dark deed of tearing down the Holy Rood, with the attendant images of our Lady and St. John, was enacted, and here again a terrible and sudden death befell two of the actors. Soon the Protector Somerset, whose hands were already foul with destruction and iconoclasm, "for the glory of God" tore down the Charnel chapel, and the exquisite cloisters which surrounded it, ravaged the graves of the Churchyard, and "carted away and buried in the fields about Finsbury five

⁷ *The Blessed Sacrament, the Centre of Immutable Faith.* Henry Edward Manning, D.D. York, 1864.

⁸ See Ford's *Handbook of Spain*, p. 193, for three "frontales" richly embroidered in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Valencia, and brought from St. Paul's; and p. 583 for a cope hood embroidered with Adam and Eve, and other costly spoil of St. Paul's in the sacristy of the Cathedral at Saragosa.

⁹ Dugdale, p. 391.

¹⁰ Dugdale, p. 391.

hundred tons of bones!"¹¹ In October, 1551, there was a general attack on all that was left of the ancient glory of St. Paul's. "All the goodly stonework behind the high altar (the reredos), with the seats for the priests (the sedilia), were remorselessly cut and hacked to pieces," as the chronicler of Grey Friars tells us; the organ was silenced, and the high altar having been torn down, a "table" was set up, and for a time stood north and south in "beautiful simplicity" of worship.¹² For a brief moment, after this storm of sacrilegious and barbaric "Reform," there was a calm, and the sun of justice showed itself for a short space through the clouds of heresy. The Holy Rood was set up again, the shattered fragments of destroyed reredos and tomb were cleared away, once more the chants of the ancient ritual of the Church floated beneath the vaults of St. Paul's, once more the holy Mass was sung from the hastily repaired steps of the restored altar, and once more the Adorable Sacrament took possession of the Cathedral. For a moment the ancient splendours of bygone days seemed to live again, when Cardinal Pole, the Legate of the Holy See, was received at St. Paul's, and Queen Mary and her husband, surrounded by their retinue of English, Spanish, and German guards, nobles, and knights, heard Mass within its walls. The vast nave was once more thronged, for there was "no doubt that the bulk of the nation witnessed the return of the old ritual with unmixed thankfulness and joy."¹³

But Mary and Pole are dead, and the clouds close in once more, and for ever, over St. Paul's. The Rood falls once more, once more the images of God's saints are cast down, and throughout London flamed the bonfires of sacred objects, "with much shouting and applause of the vulgar sort [the "roughs" of the Elizabethan age], as if it had been the sacking of some hostile city."¹⁴ The hand of God showed itself high over this saturnalia held in the prostituted name of "religion," when in 1561, on the eve of Corpus Christi, a terrific storm burst over London. The forked lightning played about the tall cross and gilded ball, and in a moment the wooden steeple of St. Paul's was ablaze. Nothing could arrest the conflagration; the molten lead poured into the church; the flames leaped down upon the roofs of nave, choir, and transepts; the stonework crumbled under the

¹¹ Milman, p. 221.

¹² Milman, *passim*. ¹³ Jessopp, *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, p. 5.

¹⁴ Haywood, *Annals of Elizabeth*, p. 28.

fierce tongues of fire; and in four hours St. Paul's was a wreck. An effort to restore the ruin was made, something of the old Catholic charity lingered amongst the people, though the "frugal Queen" Elizabeth contented herself with a gift of timber, and 1,000 marks in money. A temporary roof was placed to keep out the weather, the stonework was patched up, and after awhile permanent roofs were put in their places and covered with lead, but St. Paul's great steeple never more rose and pointed heavenward. What the restored church came to be used for, we have only to refer to the contemporary literature of the Elizabethan period to see. "The nave and aisles of the Cathedral were abandoned to base uses, as lounging-places for the idle and hungry, for knaves, thieves, ruffians, and women; a mart for business of all kinds, even the lowest and most coarse. The walls were covered with advertisements, not always the most decent; it was the unrebuked trysting-place of both sexes, the place where villanies and robberies were plotted; where everything was bought, sold, and hired."¹⁵ On the night of May 25, 1571, a bold hand attached to the great door of this wrecked and desecrated church, the Papal Bull of St. Pius the Fifth against Queen Elizabeth, declaring her a heretic and excommunicate. That same evening John Felton, who had dared to do this dangerous duty, was swinging from the gallows, and the floodgates of persecution were opened in revenge upon the still faithful adherents of the "Old Religion." It was in the next reign (May 3, 1606) that the blood of Father Garnett was spilt at the foot of the gallows in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the strange miracle of "the face in the straw" was witnessed by those who were present. The fabric had grown more and more desolate, more and more ruinous, and James made a feeble effort to arrest the destruction. Stone for the work was even procured, but the royal favourite Buckingham wanted material for a project of his own, and so he "borrowed" the stone intended for St. Paul's, and we may now see a portion of it, fashioned into the Water Gate by Inigo Jones, yet standing in the gardens of the Thames Embankment. It was under the reign of Charles the First, and by the impulsion of Laud, that a serious effort to raise St. Paul's from its ruin and shame was made. The buildings which had grown up against its walls and its great buttresses were swept away, and the church of St. Gregory was pulled down, but again built up. Pointed

¹⁵ Milman, p. 286.

architecture had disappeared with the Renaissance abroad and the Reformation at home, and though Laud, in his but half acknowledged, half explained, sympathy with the past, had made some remarkable and interesting efforts to revive the glories of mediæval architecture, the feeling of the time was altogether set against it, partly owing to "religious" prejudice, partly to ignorance, and partly to a liking for the revived classic sentiment. Inigo Jones, who had studied his art in Italy, was elected as architect to the fabric, and as Horace Walpole writes, he "made two capital faults in renewing the sides in very bad Gothic, and then adding a Roman portico, magnificent and beautiful indeed, but which had no affinity with the ancient parts that remained." This portico was, as saints were out of fashion, crowned with statues of King James and King Charles. The scaffolding for the reconstruction of the spire was erected when the scourge of the Commonwealth and Puritanism fell on England and St. Paul's. If the prayer of Lord Brooks had been heard, this home of "superstition and idolatry" would have been utterly razed. Cromwell is said to have proposed to sell the building to the Jews. The newly erected portico of Inigo Jones was purged of the statues of the two kings, and turned into shops, with chambers above, and the nave was converted into a cavalry barrack. Thus the great Cathedral reached its lowest depth of desecration after nine hundred years had passed by since its foundation by the Saxon King Ethelbert, and hardly over a century since the Reformation! But the reign of Puritanism ceased, and a new epoch dawned, and once again an effort was made to revive some semblance of religion in St. Paul's. Wren was called in, and drew up a long report which is a strange combination of generous appreciation of the past zeal of the founders, and conceited contempt for the skill of the architects of the ancient Cathedral. With all this were a series of inconceivably incongruous suggestions for "improving" on the proportions of the ancient church, and notably by getting rid of the four great columns at the crossing, and erecting "a rotunda bearing a cupola," rising out of the Norman and pointed nave and transepts, which he considered would have "incomparable more grace than it is possible for the lean shaft of a steeple to afford!" These plans were discussed and agreed to, and the estimates were ordered on August 27, 1666, when once more fire—the ruthless enemy of St. Paul's—fell upon it. For awhile the vast mass stood high above the encircling flames on

that fatal 2nd of September. By a strange instinct the affrighted citizens thronged to the church, though forlorn and desecrated, for refuge in that terrible hour. But the scaffoldings about the church caught fire, and once more the Cathedral was wrapped in flames! Down poured the molten lead "in a stream;" the stonework broke up under the action of the fierce heat, and "flew like grenades," the timbers crashed flaming on to the calcined groining of the roof, which yielded and fell with terrific weight into the depths of the vast nave and choir, carrying in the latter case destruction into the crypt of St. Faith, from the depths of which whirled up a fire-cloud of flakes of burning books, which were borne on the wind as far as Eton. Strangely enough, when the awful fire had burnt itself out, it was found that amidst the ghastly ruins the roof over where the altar had stood, and the Blessed Sacrament had dwelt for centuries, alone remained. But old St. Paul's was no more. The witness to the Catholic faith in England for so many centuries, the heart of Catholic London, the last home and resting-place of so many generations of those who had prayed beneath its glorious vaults, the church stage that had been later the scene of ribald and brutal desecration, that from the house of God had been turned most truly into "a den of thieves"—was no more!

We do not propose to speak of the new St. Paul's, but we must just follow the fortunes of the old St. Paul's to the last. Bishop Sancroft preached in the ruins once, but the place was dangerous: a crumbling pillar fell, and there was nothing for it but to clear the site and begin a new church. But though Wren had written in his report that the old church "was both ill-designed and ill-built from the beginning," he found it no easy matter to get rid of its ruined remains. The vast pillars of the tower were not to be moved by pick and lever. A hole was quarried into the heart of the north-west column. A charge of eighteen pounds of gunpowder inserted, and the massive masonry burst asunder, bringing down with it the arches of the tower, which still rose above the ruined walls, and the arches abutting upon it. To demolish the rest, a battering-ram, swung by thirty men, was employed, and no less than forty-seven thousand loads of rubbish were cleared away before the area of the ancient Cathedral was free. It is, as we have said before, only quite recently that some relics of the old building, which had not been found to interfere with the new Cathedral, and were on that account probably allowed to remain, have come

to light. Fragments of the Chapter House and inclosing cloister, the base of "Paul's Cross," of which we have spoken, and even whilst we have been engaged on these pages further investigations have been made with interesting results. A fragment of the south-east end of the south choir aisle has been uncovered, and seems to cast some doubt as to the fact of St. Paul's having been built, like so many of our ancient cathedrals, with a symbolical inclination of the choir from the right line of the nave. It has, however, been established beyond a doubt that the axis of old St. Paul's lay more to the north-west than does that of the existing Cathedral, though at the east end the axes nearly coincide. It would further seem that the very diverse statements as to the length of the church may be considered as being finally settled at the figure of 580 feet for the whole length of the fabric; a noble length, but a disappointing reduction of the 700 feet, "the exact measure," as Dugdale tells us, taken in 1313. A half column or "respond" of the easternmost portion of St. Faith's crypt, known as "Jesus Chapel," has been also brought to light. It is a group of massive clustered attached shafts, and still displayed signs of coloured decoration when first brought to light. Another and ominous sign left on this fragment of old St. Paul's is the shattered state of the stone, and the stain of fire from the gunpowder employed by Sir Christopher Wren.¹⁶ The lovers of Christian antiquities are indebted for these discoveries to F. C. Penrose, Esq., M.A., architect to the fabric.

And now we have done; but we feel how much more might be said, and much more worthily, of this great and glorious old church. For centuries it brooded over London, its great heart, its central life. For centuries its cross, lifted high over the busy city, resting on the relics of the saints, typified the faith which had raised it, and which bound the citizens who lived beneath its shadow into one common Church. Doubtless, the breath of time tarnished the purity of the first bright and child-like faith of the Saxon Christians; but still through long ages our Blessed Lord in the adorable Sacrament drew about His tabernacle in St. Paul's generations of tender and faithful souls, the altars and relics of His saints were thronged by daily crowds. Coming inland from the forests and moorlands that girt London, or up the broad Thames, all who approached London in those days looked up to the vast mass of St. Paul's,

¹⁶ See *The Graphic*, August 2, 1879, and sketch and letter by H. W. Brewer, Esq.

rising above the city as a common home and resting-place in this weary pilgrimage of life, and knew that true rest and comfort dwelt beneath its roof. But when, after a period of growing restlessness and final revolt, the cross of St. Paul's fell, it was a token that the faith of England was no more, for a weary time at least, till it pleased God to lift His Church out of the dust in our time. It is not likely London will ever be gathered together below the banner of the Cross again in one faith and one worship; but we have in this generation witnessed such wonderful growth, that our children may see the Church wax yet greater than it now is in this our England. It will then be well to take to heart in such future period of prosperity the lesson taught us by the decay of faith in those past times, and the consequent decay and fall of Old St. Paul's.

GEORGE GOLDIE.

The Encyclical.

THE philosophy of an age is its history in a nut-shell. It is a great mistake to imagine that even the most abstract philosophies vegetate in a sort of intellectual solitude, secluded from all intercourse with the external world; or that, at the most, they company with a small coterie of enthusiastic disciples, and then die the death. It may be so in certain exceptional cases, where the idealism is too pronounced for common service, or where there has not been enough of the afflatus of genius in the new theory to provoke public attention; but, as a rule, there are none that exercise a more direct and telling influence upon the character and action of a people than its philosophers. Now, more than ever, does this influence make itself felt. So long as systems of Philosophy were handed down by oral teaching, their general diffusion among the masses was necessarily a work of time; particularly if we bear in mind that the not unfrequent separation of esoteric from exoteric doctrine threw a temporary veil of secrecy over much that was fundamental, by reserving the more important tenets of the Master for the ears of a favoured few. Now, however, that the teacher of men no longer whispers his lessons in the Lyceum, the Grove, the Porch, or limits his instructions to the class-room, but publishes that which he has to say through the medium of the press; things are different. Should he succeed in catching the public ear and his work become for a time the fashion; his views will be taken up and repeated (sometimes, it may be, under a new form) by quarterly and monthly,—will soon be echoed by weekly and daily newspapers, the metropolitan leading the way and the provincial following suit,—will be heard on platforms and in lecture-rooms,—repeated in novels, until they are finally transformed into axiomatic truths by the mere force of continued repetition. If, then, at all times philosophies have left their mark upon the world; how much greater must be their power for good or evil, since the invention

of the printing-press. The Metaphysical Science will always claim, and generally secure in some way or other, its native supremacy over the entire realm of thought; however attenuated, crippled, and otherwise deformed, or even transformed, it may have become in the hands of sophists. Take any popular philosophy of the day, and carefully follow its footsteps. You will see it now taking its place *incognita* at councils of cabinets,—now assisting in the composition of some party programme,—now suggesting a leading question of the day and otherwise giving a particular bent to public opinion,—and (a matter of yet weightier importance) claiming the last word touching the relation of the governed to the governing and of the governing to the governed. A forcible illustration of the above statement has been recently afforded in one of the columns of a leading journal. The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, retailing the opinion of “the French Liberals” on the subject of the recent Encyclical of Leo the Thirteenth, writes as follows: “The French Liberals say that if the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas is not in accordance with modern science in some respects, it treats such matters as the organization of public authority in a most liberal spirit. . . . ‘Here, then,’ exclaims a French Liberal, ‘we have the democratic doctrines which the head of the Church imposes upon the Christian schools. The work of propagating democratic ideas is not confined to Republicans. The successor of Pius the Ninth, the Pope who proclaimed Infallibility and who drew up the Syllabus, cannot resist the current which is hurrying modern societies towards democracy. This is a new transformation in the Church which will be watched with great curiosity.’”¹ It need hardly be said that, in quoting this quotation from French gossip, there is no intention of attaching any weight to its principal contents, which are, as a fact, a mass of silly blunders. But the paragraph serves to show that the influence of Philosophy over the gravest political problems is acknowledged and felt as keenly now as it ever has been before.

Not less is that influence over Economics. It often seriously affects the condition and institutions of social life,—the *status* of the family,—the all-important questions of marriage and education,—the mutual relation between employers and employed, between master and servant,—not to mention other weighty matters of a like nature which are so sore a

¹ *Pall Mall Gazette*, Sept. 3, 1879.

perplexity to modern thought. The fact is, that men who are in earnest will have Principles of some sort to work upon; and Principles they must borrow from Philosophy. Alas, for their age, if they have recourse to a counterfeit!

Some may possibly deem it a mere paradox to maintain that the Metaphysical Science has, or can have, anything in common with the physical disciplines or liberal arts; yet facts of experience conspire to justify the conviction, independently of *a priori* considerations. It is scarcely possible to take up a modern book on Physics, without coming across repeated parentheses on philosophical, and even theological, subjects; which, however out of place, serve to show that the writers were not uninfluenced, in the manipulation of their physical inductions, by a higher order of ideas, and that the conclusions at which they had arrived were sensibly moulded to the form of their own philosophical or theological prepossessions. As for the influence of Philosophy on the liberal arts, it will suffice to quote the words of the Encyclical: "Facts and constant experience go to prove that the liberal arts have flourished then most especially, when the honour and just esteem of Philosophy remained unimpaired; but that they have lain prostrate, neglected, and well nigh effaced, when Philosophy has declined and become entangled in errors or in follies."

What does all this tend to show, if not, that the selection of a philosophy for the education of our youth in Universities and Colleges is no unimportant matter; seeing that it is vitally connected with the stability of government and of the family, as likewise with the progress of the physical disciplines and liberal arts? If the philosophy is sound, these prosper; if unsound, they become unstable and decline. And this connection is due to the position which Metaphysics claims in the commonwealth of sciences. She is the Queen, exercising direct supervision over the rest of the sciences and over the disciplines, while indirectly contributing, by her knowledge of the nature of the Beautiful and of its first Principles, to promote the development of the liberal arts. The position, however, which Philosophy thus vindicates to herself in relation to these her subjects must not be misunderstood; otherwise, a fresh prejudice might be excited against her on the baseless assumption that she claims a general right of interference with the other sciences and the disciplines. Let it be clearly understood, then, that she has neither the right nor the desire

to imitate the example of those troublesome housewives who are perpetually bustling about kitchen, scullery, and pantry,—prying here and there with jealous scrutiny,—tasting the quality of the good things that are simmering on the fire,—and interfering in general with their servants' work. She right willingly leaves to each and all their rightful autonomy within their own legitimate spheres of labour; while she protects their first Principles, reduces their particular conclusions under the unity of higher and universal truths, defines to each its own limit, and restrains it from removing its neighbour's landmark. Such is the legitimate office of Metaphysics in the commonwealth of thought. As the supreme science, she is mother and guardian of scientific unity. Once loosed from her easy authority, the rest of the sciences, and even the disciplines, struggle among themselves for the vacant throne; and intellectual anarchy takes the place of orderly progress.

The presence among men of a Divinely revealed creed and of a Divinely constituted Church has not impaired the ancient prerogatives of Philosophy, save in one single point. As the newly confirmed or newly appointed kings in Zulu-land will rule, as heretofore, over their subjects according to the laws and customs of their forefathers, but will themselves henceforth be subject to the general supervision of the British Government; in like manner, the Metaphysical Science has retained its ancient rule,—itself, however, subjected to the supreme authority of a Divine Revelation and of a living Voice of infallible truth. As might have been anticipated, any interference of the latter has proved to be the exception rather than the rule; yet the *right* of interference cannot be reasonably disputed by any one who believes in a Divine Revelation. For while the two orders of Truth—the supernatural and natural—must be one, because they proceed from One and centre round One; it is only just, that truths which come to us immediately from infinite Truth Himself should prevail over those which are conceived as such by unassisted reason, (whenever there may appear to arise a conflict between the two), because the latter are liable to be masked errors, while the former from the nature of the case are infallible. It is well, therefore, to realize the fact, that between supernatural Theology and true natural Metaphysics there has ever existed, and still continues to exist, an indissoluble union to the mutual advantage of the two. Philosophy receives an infallible guidance, when occasion requires,—obtains a Divine

confirmation of its teaching,—is maintained by infallible authority in its rightful pre-eminence,—and is enabled to enlarge the area of its vision, in presence of a new universe of truths. Supernatural Theology, on the other hand, depends for its scientific construction upon the assistance of its subordinate; and by the same aid is enabled to conciliate sincere inquirers, to gain a hearing among men of thought, and to overthrow by process of science the countless sophisms which from age to age have been urged against its creed.

The civilized world, during the ages of faith, (the middle ages, as they are commonly called), enjoyed the full fruits of this harmonious union, and marched on with giant strides towards the summits attainable by human thought. If science had been allowed in after times to continue under the shadow of the Church and the guidance of a true Philosophy, what might not have been the results? All the magnificent discoveries that have recently been made in the varied field of Physics, even the great mechanical inventions which are the just boast of our times, would have borne richest fruit; because preserved in unity of order and directed by highest Principles towards the proportioned development of the whole cycle of discoverable truths. But it was not so to be. The vision was too beautiful to be lasting; and it will be of profit to see how the true Church and the true Philosopher endured the same fortune and were jointly assailed by the same enemies. The Catholic Church, from the commencement of the scholastic period when she began her work of constructing a Theology, (that is to say, a scientific evolution of the dogmas of her creed), had fixed upon the Peripatetic Philosophy as her chosen instrument, and had adopted it as the system to be taught in her schools. In doing so, she evinced, (as even those who are incredulous of her supernatural life are free to own), a singular sagacity. Aristotle stands alone among the philosophers of the old world in the rare combination of gifts which pre-eminently fitted him to be the apostle of natural truth to all time. He united with an unrivalled mental perspicacity and power of intuition a sturdy common sense, universal acquirements, curiousness of research into the secret things of nature, (which is now yearly getting to be more generally recognized and appreciated by the more learned among physicists), and a power of subtle discrimination, which enabled him in *Metaphysics* to trace out and expose with faithful accuracy the unchanging, eternal, truths

of Being and its primary determinations, their Principles and Causes,—in natural Theology to establish the Existence, Unity, infinite Perfection, Attributes of God the Supreme,—in Ethics to gather from the facts of the universal conscience and the natural tendency of man the fundamental principles of the eternal law, the essential constituents of virtue, the practical incentives as well as rules of human action, and in particular the one true end of man,—to say nothing of his success in methodizing science, his virtual discovery of Logic, and his valuable contributions to experimental knowledge. The School welcomed him from his hiding-place in Arabia; and he was soon naturalized within the cloister of the Church. St. Thomas, the greatest beyond all comparison of the scholastic Doctors, is distinguished by his,—it is not too much to say—affectionate devotion to the grand Stagyrite. He has commented on the principal works of Aristotle,—based his moral Theology on the *Ethics* of the Philosopher, as he loves to term him,—calls him in to determine each philosophical problem, as it happens to arise,—and, in questions touching natural truth, quotes his authority as itself peremptory proof of the proposed solution. In the first twenty-six Questions of the first part of his *Summa*, (comprising a hundred and fifty-nine Articles), which contain his teaching on the one God, he quotes from the works of Aristotle over a hundred and seventy times. A happy thing it was for the continuous progress of Philosophy, that there thus existed a fountain of primordial truths to which all in common had recourse and which no one doubted or disputed,—one foundation upon whose definite lines of demarcation all might harmoniously labour towards the finished construction of a temple of science, aided and strengthened by an inner illumination and by the certain supervision of an infallible authority. But soon there came a lamentable change. The religious revolution of the sixteenth century burst like a tornado over Europe, and seemed for a time to sweep everything before it. The prime leaders of that movement were wise men in their generation; and they were not slow to perceive (that which too many Catholics in their simplicity are tempted to ignore) the natural confederacy between the true Faith and true Philosophy. Accordingly, while professedly assaulting the former, they by no means spared the latter. There were but few subjects on which the so-called Reformers were agreed; but an undisguised aversion for the scholastic Philosophy was one of them. The results

soon made themselves felt. Just as, within the more sacred domain of Divine Faith, the assumed right of private judgment succeeded in tearing the Christian Creed to pieces and in substituting chaos for unity, wherever the new opinions prevailed; in like manner, licentious independence of thought,—not practised merely but advocated as a solemn duty,—soon made its way even to the foundations of evidence and certitude,—unsettling, undermining, everything—and removing all the ancient landmarks. Meantime, the scholastic Philosophy became the common object of vituperation and contempt; till, as the years went on, that which had begun as a war-cry, ended in settling down into a tradition. Soon, a multitude of new “philosophies,” each differing from its neighbour, successively arose to supply the place of that old Philosophy which had retired from the unseemly din to the cloister. It ceased to retain any hold on the minds of men generally outside the schools of the Church; and now, for the most part, its existence is only recognized through the medium of traditional calumnies and of the prejudices which these calumnies are so well calculated to foster. To this day there are sensible and educated men who have been taught, and still believe, that the Angelic Doctor is occupied,—nay, exclusively occupied,—in discussing *how many Angels can dance on the point of a needle*, and other remarkable problems of a like nature.

Nor have these deplorable consequences been confined to that portion of the world of letters, which disowns the authority of the Church. Inevitable intercourse of thought with men of every creed and no creed,—the total anarchy of the sciences and disciplines, which seemed to afford an excuse to each science for dealing with any and every subject it might have a fancy for,—a mistaken conviction that the teaching of Aristotle and St. Thomas had outlived its day and, in the interests of religion, must make way for a Metaphysics more in harmony with the spirit of the times,—perhaps, too, in some instances, the charm of novelty and the attraction which paradoxical theories have for superficial minds, untamed by any previous training in the old scholastic system,—combined to seduce not a few in our Catholic Universities, Seminaries, and Colleges, from that Philosophy which had so often received the solemn approbation of the Church, and inspired them with the ambition of constructing a new one for themselves, or of Christianizing some one or other of the theories in vogue

at the time. It ought never to be forgotten by us, that the philosophy which has done more to subvert scientific truth than any other, and is the boasted mother of what is called the *critical* schools, we owe to a French mathematician. Professor Huxley, naturally looking at the matter from his own point of view, observes that "the memorable service rendered to the cause of sound thinking by Descartes consists in this: that he laid the foundation of modern philosophical criticism by his inquiry into the nature of certainty."² This latter statement is unquestionably true; only that which he regards as a *memorable service*, we are compelled to look upon as a *memorable mischief*. Descartes may be justly said to have bequeathed to us a Hume; Hume in turn, a Kant, a Fichte, a Hegel, a Schelling. So, again, the ontology of Gioberti, under a modified form, found its way into Catholic Universities and Colleges; till the foundation of ontological systems was condemned by sentence of the Apostolic See. Traditionalism, and the *vox populi* theory of De Lamennais were the creation of Catholics; though the latter, as is well known, apostatized. It is not necessary to do more than simply allude to the multiplication of divergent views touching the primordial constituents of material substance, or to the ill-disguised contempt with which the teaching of Aristotle, of St. Thomas and the other Scholastic Doctors, on this point were treated by many, who professed that they had discovered something better to replace it. In sum: the spirit of the age had crawled, like the serpent of old, into God's paradise on earth; and, in too many places, the number of *courses*—nay, not unfrequently, systems,—of philosophy which saw the light and were temporarily used as text-books in some of our Catholic Colleges, formed an accurate equation with the number of successive Professors. While contemplating this sad intellectual confusion on a subject and in a place where it would be least expected and least desired, what Catholic is there who can be slow to realize the grave import of the following words which are to be found in the Encyclical of the Holy Father? "This search after novelty," writes Leo the Thirteenth to the Episcopate of the whole Church, "seems to have seized upon the minds of Catholic philosophers in some places; who, making little account of the patrimony of ancient wisdom, have preferred to fabricate novelties rather than to increase and perfect old things by things new, assuredly, with not over much wisdom of

² Hume, p. 55.

judgment, and not without detriment to the sciences. For this variable kind of teaching, seeing that it rests on the authority and will of each teacher, has a shifting foundation, and on that account renders Philosophy unstable and trifling,—not firm and stable and robust, like that old Philosophy." This departure from the ancient pathway of wisdom produced another most undesirable result. Partly owing to a growing unacquaintance with the subject and a consequent progressive attenuation of the Metaphysical Science,—partly out of a desire to leave room for what were imagined to be more practically important studies, the text-books of Philosophy for the class-room were gradually transformed into *compendiums*, in which gravest metaphysical problems would be stated, discussed, and determined, within the limits of a short paragraph, while others equally grave were perhaps passed over in sheer silence, affording about as much real knowledge of the supreme science as a Pinnock's Catechism of History gives of the real life of nations and the character of political events. Moreover, in this compressive process, whereby metaphysics was tortured as in a *scavenger's daughter*, its whole body was distorted and all its limbs put out of joint; so that, in place of the fair proportions of an orderly developed living whole, there appeared a collection of dislocated members, hanging on to each other by a single tendon, out of which all life had been most effectually squeezed. But the evil, undoubtedly great as it was, did not stop here. The student who has not made a deep study of the scholastic Philosophy, must be necessarily quite at sea with a scholastic Theology. Therefore, it was found convenient to have recourse to Theological *compendiums* and *courses* for the most part unscientific and jejune; and some Professors of the Divine Science began prudentially to limit their teaching to Positive Theology which, apart from its scholastic guardian, can hardly be called a Theology at all, but a compost, more or less erudite, of Scriptural and Patristic exegetic leavened with the history of dogma. The sad consequences of such declension may be easily divined. A theological student, equipped with his Philosophy and Theology made easy, completes his studies, probably possessing about as much *scientific* knowledge of the subject-matters as he had before he began them, and proportionately unprepared to meet the ever-increasing difficulties, or satisfy the inquiries, of those who are seeking the truth. It must not, however, be supposed that this was universally the

state of things in the Church's schools ; though it must be owned that the evil had become so wide-spread as seemingly, in the judgment of many, to demand an instant remedy. It will at once be seen that such defects could in no wise affect the *substance* of the Church's teaching, which is for ever preserved from error or diminution by Divine promise ; but they have served to cripple partially her influence over those who are as yet strangers to her unity, and have broken the continuity of that illustrious succession of Doctors who were her glory and intellectual strength.

Such was the state of things when the present Pontiff Leo the Thirteenth succeeded to the Chair of Peter ; and he appears to have scanned the danger from his high watch-tower and immediately to have made it a special object of his paternal solicitude. For the Encyclical which forms the subject of the present article is not the first monition on the matter that he has addressed to the hierarchy of the Church ; and the present Encyclical, which gives every evidence of painful thought and mature deliberation, is published to the Christian world within the second year of his Pontificate. The burden of it must be already well known to the reader ; for so important a document has naturally enough arrested the attention of public opinion throughout the civilized world. It pointedly calls the attention of the Catholic Episcopate to the evils already mentioned ; and provides a remedy for them. And of what nature is this remedy ? It consists in a simple return to the old scholastic Philosophy, as taught in the Church's schools for centuries, and never wholly forsaken (thank God !) even in the darkest day of theological and philosophical declension. Furthermore : lest any ambiguity might arise as to the practical way of going about such a reform, the Holy Father strenuously insists that the philosophy of St. Thomas of Aquino, the Angelic Doctor, should be made the basis and model of study, and his works the Professor's arsenal, in all our Catholic Colleges, Seminaries, and Universities. Having praised those of the bishops who had already with prompt zeal entered on this path of reform and encouraged them to persevere, the Pontiff thus proceeds : " We remind the rest of you, all and each, that nothing is to Us of greater account and more desirable, than that you should, every one of you, freely and copiously supply young students with those most pure rivers of wisdom that flow in a constant and plentiful stream from the Angelic Doctor." So, again, later on :

"We exhort you all, venerable brothers, most earnestly, that, for the defence and ornament of the Catholic faith, for the good of society, for the advancement of all the sciences, you restore and spread as widely as possible the golden wisdom of St. Thomas." Apparently (if one may be allowed to conjecture) with a view to encourage and confirm the Episcopate and others whom it concerns in a work at the first beset with many difficulties, he repeatedly enforces the singular title of the Angelic Doctor to the office of sole guide and teacher of Philosophy in terms of highest praise. He designates St. Thomas as the "chief and master of all" the Doctors of the School,—as the "singular bulwark and glory of the Catholic Church,"—as "abundantly rich in Divine and human knowledge,"—and adds that "like the sun . . . he filled the world full with the splendour of his teaching." Of the works of St. Thomas he declares that "there is no part of Philosophy which he has not thoroughly discussed with acuteness at once and with solidity; . . . so that he is wanting neither in a copious harvest of questions, nor in apt arrangement of parts, nor in an excellent method of development, nor in the certitude of his principles or strength of argument, nor in clearness and propriety of style, nor in the ease with which he explains abstruse points of whatever kind." Further: with, it would seem, the same intent, the Pope adduces evidence to show that the doctrine of St. Thomas has been repeatedly extolled and commended to the adoption of the teaching body in the Church by his Predecessors on the Pontifical Throne. Finally, he calls attention to a noteworthy fact, viz., that the assembled Fathers of the Council of Trent willed the *Summa* of St. Thomas, in company with the Sacred Scriptures and Pontifical Decrees, to lie upon the altar in the midst of their conclave,—“an honour,” subjoins the Holy Father, “reserved for St. Thomas and shared by no other of the Catholic Doctors.” We should search in vain for clearer or more emphatic terms in which he could have expressed his mind to the Universal Church. Since the highest authority has spoken, it would hardly be becoming in us to attempt to add anything of our own in praise of the Angel of the Schools; lest we should have the appearance of presuming to confirm the judgment of the Vicar of Christ. But thus much it may perhaps be permitted us to say, that those who study St. Thomas the longest, esteem him the most,—that repeated meditation on the same passages never palls, but on the contrary, always finds fresh material for

thought,—and that there is not a single objection which the adversaries of religion think to have discovered in the various physical disciplines or elsewhere, that has not been forestalled in one way or another by this the greatest of the Doctors.

But, in order that the reader may be the better enabled to appreciate the extent of the danger and the necessity of the remedy provided, it will be well to turn the occasion to account by directing his attention to the nature of the intimate connection, (already referred to in an earlier part of this article), which exists between Philosophy and supernatural Theology; and the declarations of Leo the Thirteenth will be of the greatest help in enabling us to do so. There cannot be a more dangerous error into which a Catholic can fall, than the one of deeming it a matter of indifference what philosophy is taught to our young students, provided that their intellectual faculties are well exercised with an eye to their full development. The Metaphysical Science is contemplative of a natural, as Theology is contemplative of a supernatural, Revelation. The object of the one, equally with that of the other, is Divine Truth, above us, in a certain sense beyond us, independent of us; and Truth in Theology, while it is the continuation and consummation of the Truth in Metaphysics,—or rather, *because* it is the continuation and consummation of the latter, presupposes and, in a certain way, rests upon it. To maintain, therefore, such a wrong opinion as the one just mentioned, is equivalent to a confession that there is no such thing as objective Truth, and that all so-called truth is the creation of human caprice. As the natural Revelation, pervious to human reason, is the basis and preamble (so to say) of the supernatural Revelation; so, in consequence, Metaphysics is the vestibule of Theology. It guides us to the Gospel, like the little maid that brought Naaman the Syrian general to Eliseus the prophet. And it does so, by demonstrating with various proofs the existence of one only God, and by deducing from His self-existence His infinite Perfection, and infinitely perfect attributes. For St. Paul is our authority for saying that “he who cometh to God must believe that He is, and is a Rewarder to them that seek Him.” It carries on its mission further, by demonstrating, from the Nature of God on the one hand and the infinite craving of the human will on the other, that the possession of God eternally is the one only end of man. Having conducted us thus far, it resigns us to the baptism of the prophet. Philosophy, again, is a powerful

auxiliary of the Faith, by establishing on a clear and solid basis the motives of credibility, as they are called ;—that is to say, the motives which lead us to the reasonable conviction that the Christian Religion is a Divine Revelation, and then that the Catholic Church is the one only appointed teacher of that religion—the one only ark of salvation. Thus does it assist most powerfully in leading into the way of Truth those who are as yet strangers to it. Within the Church its labours are no less valuable. It has served, and still continues to serve, towards the evolution of the Christian Creed in a scientific form ; while, by its aid, the mysteries of a Divine Revelation (already accepted on Faith) are made more clearly and definitely intelligible. Finally, it arms the champions of the Church with well-proved weapons whereby to overcome the assaults of adversaries against the truth of Christianity in general, and the Catholic, or Christian, dogmas in particular. Thus much has been pointed out by Leo the Thirteenth in his Encyclical. On the other hand, Philosophy has received signal advantages from its new service ; as has been noticed already. For,—not to mention the illuminating and comforting power of supernatural Faith, which gives to the understanding and reason an increased perspicacity in the discernment of deep and difficult truths as well as a more invincible tenacity of grasp,—it is most certain that a scientific study of the Catholic Creed has added new and important chapters to the Metaphysical Science. But all these mutual benefits are the products solely of a true Philosophy. Painful experience has proved, that the admission of new-fangled systems has produced diametrically opposite effects. It has caused confusion, instability of thought, and even doubt,—obscured the brightness of Divine truths,—and spiked the cannon which defend the citadel of Faith. Theology and Philosophy are so intimately related to each other, that erroneous opinions about the one lead to erroneous opinions about the other. Hence, heresies have been generally preceded or accompanied by a false philosophy ; and a false philosophy smooths the way for unsoundness in the Faith. Here it is that we find an additional motive,—and one of the greatest weight,—for rejoicing that the Pontiff has enjoined a loyal return to the teaching of the Angelic Doctor.

Such considerations naturally direct our attention to a fact which, while it practically illustrates the intimacy subsisting between Philosophy and supernatural Theology, at the same

time explains the necessity of retaining the scholastic Philosophy in our schools. The fact alluded to is this: The scholastic Doctors, and preeminently among these St. Thomas, had the principal (may it not be said, the only?) hand in the great work of evolving out of the Catholic Creed a scientific Theology; and the philosophy which they made use of for the purpose, was that of Aristotle. Consequently, the Peripatetic terminology,—the Peripatetic doctrine, for instance, as regards the constitution of bodies,—continuous quantity,—the categories in general,—were gradually interwoven everywhere with Catholic Theology. The teaching more particularly touching Matter and Form has found its way into well-nigh every one of the treatises which go to constitute dogmatic and moral Theology. It presents itself in the treatise of the Incarnation, in those of grace, faith, the sacraments, the Church, in the consideration of the nature of human acts, as elsewhere. Subsequently to the substantial completion of a scientific Theology by the labours of the School, the definitions of Councils and the Pontifical Decrees and Bulls were drawn up in accordance with the terminology and philosophic doctrine adopted by the Doctors; so that to be rightly understood, they must be read in the light of the Peripatetic Philosophy. To take an example:—Who could form a true and definite concept of the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, unless he understood precisely what the scholastics meant by the terms, *Substance, substantial Form, Matter, Accident* or *Species, Quantity, Qualities*? It is owing to the want of such knowledge, that even educated men among non-Catholics make such strange mistakes, and find such a special difficulty, in this dogma which, nevertheless, is the keynote of the Church's worship. If they had known that, according to the Philosophy which is the chosen organ of the Church's teaching, the substance of the bread and wine, (essentially constituted by the union of the Matter with their respective substantial Forms) is utterly impervious to sense,—that the accidents are the only phenomena, that is to say, the only entities subject to perception of the senses,—that these accidents or *species*, of which quantity is the primary one, are real things having a real nature of their own,—that, after the stupendous change as before, the qualities (such as shape, colour, savour) remain, continuing to inhere in quantity as their immediate subject,—that thus all the accidents remain after that change in the Blessed Eucharist, as veils of the Presence and

the outward sign of the sacrament ;—how many objections, still urged against this most consoling Truth of the Catholic Creed, would have been stifled in their cradle. Now, if these terms, which are the key to the Church's definition, are interpreted in accordance with some new philosophical theory, and, in consequence, have a meaning fathered upon them, of which the Fathers who drew up, and the Pope who confirmed, the Canons, never even dreamed ; it is plain to see what utter confusion would result, and how declarations of the Faith, in spite of all the care and deliberation with which they had been drawn up and the supervision of the Holy Ghost in their construction, might be so dis seized of their native meaning as to become capable of sanctioning any amount of heresy and error. Take, for instance, the monads of Leibnitz, or the occasionalism of Malebranche, or the forces of Boscovich, as a guide in interpreting the Church's definitions touching the Holy Eucharist ; is there a known heresy connected with this dogma, that could not by logical sequence parade itself under shadow of the interpretation ? The Church has wisely chosen a dead language as medium for the expression of her infallible definitions, because the meaning of words in such a language is less liable to change. But, if the words are coined anew, as it were, and are surreptitiously stamped with the image of some philosophical novelty of the hour ; the purpose of the selection is defeated, and the dead, is rendered as changeable as any living, language.

But, if we are prepared to maintain this fixedness of philosophical terms, a difficulty arises, the consideration of which will carry us on to another most important part of our subject-matter. Terms are representative of ideas ; wherefore, stability in the meaning of terms connotes a corresponding stability of ideas. But ideas, in their turn, are representative of objective truths, at least, this is the old-fashioned conviction ; consequently, stability of ideas connotes a corresponding stability, or stationariness, of known objective truths. But this seems to imply that there is, in Metaphysics, a fixedness,—an immobility, of doctrine, which excludes the possibility of any future development. And Leo the Thirteenth seems to favour such a conclusion in his Encyclical, by declaring that "reason, raised aloft on the wings of St. Thomas to its utmost human elevation, can now hardly mount higher." Yet, on the other hand, he seems to modify this statement a

little further on, when he writes : " In saying this, we assuredly do not blame those learned and able men who contribute their industry and erudition, as well as the wealth of new discoveries, towards the elaboration of Philosophy ; for we are fully aware that this appertains to growth of doctrine." While there is assuredly nothing contradictory in these two enunciations ; nevertheless, as each regards the subject from a distinct point of view, they are invaluable as together giving an authoritative answer to the question touching the perfectibility of Metaphysics. The question itself is a vital one ; for the objection has been repeatedly made by the ultra-progressionists, (if the term may be permitted), against a return to the scholastic Philosophy, that the Metaphysical Science must be capable of development, like the other sciences and disciplines. Human knowledge is always advancing, as the years roll onward. Why, then, should we be loth to admit that progress may have been made during the last century or so in Metaphysics ; just as it is impossible to deny that wonderful advances have been made in mathematics, the physical disciplines, and the mechanical arts ? It cannot be said that the attention of men of genius has not been directed to the former as it has been to the latter ; for the great schools of critical philosophy have arisen in Germany, and have been welcomed in France and England. Among ourselves we can boast of Locke, Hume, Berkeley, the Scotch school, Stuart Mill, Sir William Hamilton, Herbert Spencer ; while Italy claims its Gioberti. It surely is not too much to suppose that the united efforts of such gifted men must have resulted in the discovery of new truths and the perfectionment of the old. But if so, why should we be summoned in maturer years to return, like children, to the alphabet ? If, on the other hand, we are to be told that Metaphysics has reached the acme of its perfection and is incapable of further development ; then it must be owned that it has, by the fact, disconnected itself from modern civilization, and from the other sciences and physical disciplines, and must abdicate its directive authority and consent to remain in a state of isolation.

It is to be presumed that the judgment of the Pope will suffice for us Catholics. But there are probably not a few non-Catholics to whom the entire subject is new. Their interest in the question has been awakened by the Encyclical ; and they would not improbably be glad to know what can be said in answer to the objection. Even Catholics themselves, however

conscious that the Vicar of Jesus Christ must be in the right, will not be displeased at having an answer set before them, by which they may be enabled to render a more enlightened obedience and be assisted in defending the action of their Church in a matter so singularly important to the progress of a true education.

We begin, then, by affirming that Philosophy is incapable of further development in the *fundamental body* of its teaching, and that it was substantially perfected for all time by the labours of the Angelic Doctor. It must not be forgotten that the subject-matter and logical procedure of Metaphysics are not only totally distinct from, but even opposite to, the subject-matter and logical procedure of Physics. Philosophy deals with eternal, immutable, immaterial and spiritual, truths,—altogether removed from the perceptions of sense by virtue of their abstraction from whatsoever material conditions. Physics deals with temporary, contingent, purely material phenomena, and with the constant, but not necessary, order of their direction. The former constructs its doctrine on principles of pure deduction, and is *à priori* to experience; the latter derives its conclusions from induction of facts, and is *à posteriori* to experience,—that is to say, dependent on experimental knowledge derived from the perceptions of sense. Consequently, the one is truly and properly speaking a science; the other is not. Since, then, the physical disciplines entirely depend upon investigation, experiment, observation, within the sphere of natural phenomena; it follows, as a consequence, that they are capable of growing in perfectness, proportionally to the increased facilities that present themselves for more accurate observation and for a greater accumulation of facts. New inventions and improvements adapted for these purposes, facilities for travelling and intercommunication, will contribute to the one; time is absolutely necessary for the other. Accordingly, perpetual progress to the end is a property, so to say, of their very being. But with Metaphysics it is precisely the reverse. Its doctrine is primitively based on self-evident principles,—independent of, and prior to, all experiment,—immediate objects of intuition. From these are deduced by rigid demonstration the conclusions that constitute the body of its teaching. It needs no spectroscope to analyze the nature and attributes of Being or the lines and colours of the human soul; and the subject-matter of Philosophy is of such kind as to postulate

patient and deep contemplation rather than cycles of years; for these truths shone with as unchanging brightness upon the mind of man in the first, as they will shine in the last, century of creation. It is plain, then, to see that the scientific perfection of Philosophy depends on the genius and other cognate qualifications of such as undertake to grapple with its truths. It is not dependent on a thousand more than upon one. Once given a man who, with an all-embracing intuition and single earnestness of purpose, can bring into perfect focus these highest truths,—can subordinate them under the unity of science,—and can evolve by demonstration out of these those other truths which are latent; the work is complete. Time can add nothing to the eternal, the necessary, the unchanging. Experiments and observation of the senses are out of place in presence of the immaterial and spiritual. All that is wanted is the man of vision,—the *seer* in all the fulness of the term. And such an one was found in Aristotle. As another Minerva from the head of Jove, he appeared complete in panoply of wisdom on the arena of philosophical discussion, and enriched the Temple of Truth which he constructed and completed among men with the spoils of the vanquished. It was his (one might almost say) to begin; certainly, it was his to complete, Philosophy on its exclusively natural basis.

But, it may be urged, not without apparent reason,—if such be the case, where is there any room for St. Thomas? It would be natural to conclude from the statements just made, that the Supreme Pontiff would have sent the young Christian students of Philosophy to Aristotle, not to the Angelic Doctor. First of all, then, it may be said by way of answer, that in sending them to St. Thomas he was in fact sending them to Aristotle; since the philosophy of the latter was the adopted philosophy of the former. But this, though true, is not the complete answer. The clear and adequate reason for Pope Leo's selection is to be found in the following words of the Encyclical: "Since the mind of man is kept cabined within certain—and these, moreover, sufficiently narrow—limits; it is obnoxious to a multitude of errors and to ignorance about many things. On the contrary, the Christian Faith, since it rests on the authority of God, is most assured Mistress of the Truth; and he who follows her, is neither entangled in the snares of error nor tossed to and fro on the waves of uncertain opinions. *Wherefore, they who combine the study of Philosophy with submission to the Christian Faith,*

make the best philosophers ; seeing that the splendour of Divine truths, admitted within the mind, gives support to the understanding itself, and not only subtracts nothing from its dignity, but adds in abundant measure nobleness, penetration, and stability." God was not wanting to His Church in the day of her need. He gave to her a genius and a saint,—one equal to Aristotle in the intuitive power, comprehensiveness, and fecundity, of his mind ; but incomparably superior to the latter in this, that his understanding was comforted and enlightened by the supernatural gift of faith, directed by an infallible guide where guidance was required, and opened to behold many truths of a higher order that surpasses the natural ken of man. In such wise the Metaphysical Science reaches its highest attainable eminence ; embracing, as it does, all that reason can comprehend in the natural, and all that it can gain by demonstration from the supernatural, order of truths, while protected against the danger of serious aberrations by reason of its intimacy with the Church of God.

But the difficulty so far is only half met. For, if it be true that Philosophy has substantially attained to its ultimate development in the writings of the Angelic Doctor, it would seem as though it no longer had any connection with human civilization and the progress of the other sciences or the physical disciplines. It belongs to another sphere. It stands alone, immovable ; while the rest pass onward and leave it in its solitary isolation. How, then, can it offer those advantages to the sciences, disciplines, and liberal arts, which we are taught in the Encyclical to anticipate ? How can it influence, itself uninfluenced ? For answer, let our next Proposition be as follows : The philosophy of St. Thomas will prove of the greatest advantage in all the ways enumerated, principally by virtue of its very immutability. There never was an age, perhaps, in the world's history, which has exhibited such feverish mental activity in all directions, as the present. But, if it may be permitted to say so, the results are disappointing, because they are so chaotic ; and they are chaotic, because they are under no direction or control. Individualism would appear to have almost reached its limit ; and just as men of earnest thought are growing weary of the ever-increasing multiplication of religious sects, in like manner, the single-minded seekers after Wisdom, (and we rejoice in believing that there are many such in every field of knowledge), are discouraged and repelled by the Babel

of voices on all sides of them, which they are forced to encounter. They find one system or theory of so-called philosophy in fashion some years back, another to-day, and another, it may be, threatening them on the morrow. In Physics, more particularly, no sooner have they got beyond the region of bare facts, than they are met by a terrifying phalanx of theories,—at war with others in the past, at war among themselves. One tells them that the primordial elements of bodies are half-conscious monads, combining together and gathering into groups and conspiring in action by virtue of a pre-established harmony. Another teaches that they are simple atoms of various form and weight; another, that they are homogeneous forces; another, that they are heterogeneous forces; another, again, that they are vortex rings. One astronomical observer discovers in the sun and other heavenly bodies the same elements as those which go to form material substances here below; another of great eminence has just declared, as the result of his spectroscopic observations, that there is not a single element in the latter which finds its correspondent in the former; a third offers fair proofs for the existence of oxygen in the sun. The pronounced geologist requires eons of time for the formation of the earth's strata so vast as absolutely to take away one's breath and to leave all arithmetic in the far distance; a physicist points out a fundamental error in his calculations and, on the strength of a recent theory concerning the dissipation of energy, "reduces the possible period which can be allowed to geologists to something less than ten millions of years." Modern chemistry assures us that there are some sixty-five or sixty-six simple elements in nature; an eminent spectroscopist within the present year has published his conviction that every one of these so-called simples are really compounds. The fact is that the physical disciplines are ever receiving a fresh accession of facts which disturb, and often serve to overthrow, previous theories, and preach a practical sermon on the dangers of precipitancy. It was not so many years ago, that the results of dredging in the Atlantic were such as to cause Sir Charles Lyell to exclaim, (at least so it was reported at the time), "We shall have to begin again and reconstruct geology." These things are a formidable obstacle to the certainty of true knowledge, and a discouragement to those who are setting out on the road in search of it. It is like venturing on a quicksand; and if a man must venture on it, he needs a rock within easy reach,—

an assured refuge, because immovable. It is in this way that the philosophy of St. Thomas will prove of the greatest service to physical investigation ; because it will secure unity by taking upon itself its appointed office of general supervision and direction. It is surely a pity that so much painstaking,—such valuable and brilliant inroads into the secrets of nature,—so much eminent ability and disinterested devotion, should be thrown away, as it were, for want of a friendly hand to guide, control, assist, and weave the raw material into the unity of science. What the physical experimentalist most needs, is a supervisor that, while leaving him at fullest liberty to pursue his experiments and observations as well as to make his consequent inductions, will help him in his definitions,—weigh his nascent theories by the measure of the evidence produced and by the exigency of a higher order,—keep him from extravagating beyond the legitimate boundaries of his subject-matter,—and harmonize his experimental acquisitions with those royal truths that dominate all being. This is what the philosophy of St. Thomas will do for him. Nor has he any just reason to fear lest his carefully acquired facts and discoveries should break out into rebellion against the Principles of his chosen guide; for such a misadventure is impossible. Truth cannot war with Truth. Moreover, the peripheries of Philosophy and Physics do not intersect ; save when the material is absorbed in the immaterial,—the contingent in the necessary,—the temporary in the eternal,—in order to satisfy the behests of a higher and more comprehensive inquisition. On the contrary, experience will prove to him, that the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor is not only not at variance with the true results of modern physics ; but on many most momentous points would appear to have forestalled them. This is already beginning to be admitted by physicists themselves ; for, as Pope Leo assures us in his Encyclical, “There are many,—and they, too, distinguished professors in the physical sciences, who publicly and openly declare, that there is no genuine opposition between *the certain and established conclusions* of modern physics and the philosophical principles of the School.” One too often comes across wild theories, cast forth into the world at random or fabricated on the pre-supposed strength of the bearings of certain phenomena, which are in direct and manifest contradiction with the principles and deductions of a sound Philosophy ; but then they are not “certain and established conclusions.” For instance :—the *facts* given

in Ernst Hæckel's *Evolution of Man* confirm in a singular manner the teaching of St. Thomas; the *theory* with which the author has encumbered them is at open war with the most elementary principles of psychology. His work, otherwise in some respects interesting, is spoilt by a fanaticism which has manacled his better judgment, tempted him to forget the conventional laws of good breeding, and transformed his creditable contributions to physiology into a passionate attack on God's revealed Truth, God's Church and priesthood,—in a word, against all that stands armed against the covert propagandism of the secret societies. It is precisely here that a true Philosophy will intervene; exploding the theory, while it preserves and utilizes the facts.

On the other hand, true Philosophy will not be uninfluenced by the real treasures which the subordinate sciences and physical disciplines amass in the progress of their development. For "the wealth of new discoveries,"—to repeat the words of the Sovereign Pontiff—"contributes towards the elaboration of Philosophy," and "is connected with growth of doctrine." Not that it can by any chance gainsay the Principles or conclusions of Metaphysics; but it rectifies their application and sometimes confirms *à posteriori* the subjective evidence in their favour. To take an instance for clearness' sake:—The teaching of St. Thomas relative to the genetic constitution of the material universe remains immoveable, whatever the number or nature of the primary elements may prove to be; that is to say, in any case the material universe was gradually developed out of certain elements by mixture and chemical combinations into its present complex variety of order, no matter what those elements may be proved to have been. The Angelical Doctor, following the received teaching of the time, assumed them to be *earth, air, fire, water*. We now know that he was mistaken. Modern chemistry teaches that there are some sixty such; but doubts have arisen whether modern chemistry is not equally in fault. Let us suppose, for the sake of further illustration, that these so-called simples should turn out to be merely allotropic forms of hydrogen. What then? These allotropic forms become the primitive constituents in place of earth, air, fire, water; but the principle of combination and mixture remains the same. In a word, the metaphysical theorem is where it was; but it receives confirmation or elaboration from the new physical truths which define its material object.

One other difficulty presents itself in connection with the present subject. Since physical induction is posterior, and metaphysical principles and demonstrations are prior, to experience; it is less difficult to see why the latter should remain substantially stationary, while the former is capable of indefinite expansion. But what about mathematics? Here we have a science which is as purely *à priori* as Metaphysics; and its conclusions are as necessary, immutable, eternal, and at least as certain, as those of the latter. Yet mathematics is capable of development; and, as a fact, has virtually received a new life in our own generation, (so those who are competent to form a judgment assure us), by reason of its marvellous extension through the genius and labours of such men as Professors Cayley, Sylvester, and many others. Why, then, should philosophy be incapable of similar evolution? The answer is discoverable in the nature of the subject-matter of the two sciences respectively. The intelligible forms of quantity, their properties, relations, and the immutable laws which govern them, are the formal subject-matter of the mathematical science. But these forms, of their very nature, are capable of indefinite multiplication. Where can you discover a limit to the changes of a curve? In like manner, in discrete quantity no number can be conceived however vast, which is incapable of further addition; and, as the number of figures extends, the number of possible permutations grows so gigantically vast, that thought loses itself in the effort at distinct enumeration. To give an instance:—all the possible combinations of twenty figures give about two trillions and a half of permutations. But, as the number of the quantitative forms increases, the number of relations and properties will increase in like manner. These relations, again, are reducible under certain laws which multiply with the specific multiplication of the former, and postulate in turn reduction under higher and more general laws that cover a more extended ground; and so, with the process of the forms, the reduction and generalization continue. Hence, the mathematical science admits of indefinite multiplication as well as of indefinite simplification,—of variation and unification;—of amplification, in virtue of its subject-matter; of simplification, in virtue of the correlation of its laws. It follows as a natural consequence, that it is capable of perpetual development, as time goes on. Not so, however, with Metaphysics. It is true that essences, or natures, are capable of indefinite multiplication beyond those

which are *de facto* created, because the Divine Nature, (the Source and Exemplar of all), is indefinitely imitable *ad extra*; but, simply as essences, they have no new properties or relations, while as *these* essences in particular, they would become, (supposing their realization by the act of existence), the subject-matter of a new particular science. Extension, then, from the nature of the case, is out of the question; and how could you attempt any simplification or reduction, when you are in presence of the Transcendentals or of the primary modifications of Being?

The longer one lives, the more occasion there is to admire the ingenuity of certain contributors to our public journals. They discover mares' nests with a keenness of perception that ought surely to secure for them a name among oologists. One would have imagined beforehand that an Encyclical,—published with reference to a subject of vital moment and in face of a pressing evil that required an instant remedy,—composed with the sense of responsibility which invariably characterizes the official announcements of the Vicar of Christ to the whole Church committed to his keeping,—drawn up with conspicuous prudence in terms so general as to exclude all possible idea of particular allusions, could never have suggested the notion to any even the most suspicious mind, that it had been framed with the intention of administering a rebuke to an Order which boasts that its very life consists in its unreserved obedience to the Holy See. But there is no accounting for the vagaries of the human mind, when once it allows itself to become the slave of a strong prepossession. Accordingly, there are correspondents to certain of our English journals, who discover, to their intense satisfaction, that the Pontiff is at one with the present French Government in his desire to diminish, if not destroy, the supposed influence of the Jesuits; and that he has evinced his determination to this effect by the publication of the present Encyclical. St. Thomas, you see, was a Dominican. Now, there existed in times past a warm controversy between the Dominicans and Jesuits on certain points of Theology that are as yet open questions. Therefore, (the conclusion is evident), when Pope Leo requires the Bishops to promote, to the best of their ability, a return to the philosophy of St. Thomas, he is of course, like his great Predecessor, St. Peter, breaking loose by the help of another Angel,—the Angel of the Schools,—from the fetters by which he had been fast bound, and visiting those Jesuit conspirators with unequivocal proofs of his dis-

pleasure. One newspaper³ informs us on second-hand authority, that "the Pontiff had the choice of many Christian philosophers, and it is to be observed that he preferred a Dominican to a Jesuit, and that the Dominicans have always been more liberal than the Jesuits,"—a fact which perhaps the writer owes to Pascal who is so fiercely pleasant upon the *laxity* of Jesuit Theology. The Roman correspondent of another journal⁴ runs riot in the same idea. "Disguise it how they may," he writes, "the recent Encyclical is for the Jesuits what is vulgarly called 'a slap in the face.' It seems to imply that they were not able to cope with the school of D'Alembert and Diderot," (two of the French Encyclopedists of the eighteenth century), "except to provide pupils for the first French Revolution; and that perhaps the Dominicans had better have a turn at modern scientific error. But Pius the Ninth thought differently, and Tongiorgi the Jesuit was in high favour during the last Pontificate, whilst Ubaghs of Louvain was looked down upon. The Bishops followed the instincts of the Vatican, and in England St. Thomas of Aquin was not a class-book. At Ushan the late Dr. Gillon taught from the pages of Perrone, a Jesuit theologian; and Monsignor Consitt, who taught pastoral theology, made use of the casuistry of Gury and Scavini, both Jesuits. . . . The religious orders, of course, studied from Schouppe, Alphonso, Liguori. . . . But Roman Catholics never hear anything of what is going on in Rome from their own papers." We have every reason to be grateful for the friendly compassion which has induced this gentleman to supply the destitute Catholics in England with authentic information about their own Church. Except for him, we should never have known of the existence of Ushan College or of its Professor Dr. Gillon, and no one would have been aware that Scavini was a Jesuit or Ubaghs a Dominican in disguise. The religious Orders would have continued in utter ignorance of the fact that they all use Schouppe, Alphonso, and Liguori,—three distinguished Jesuits—as their philosophical authors; and certainly no one among us could have imagined, unless we had been told, that the influences of the Vatican had reached to such a pitch in this country as to prevent our bishops from selecting as a class-book a work in eighteen folio volumes, double-columned, small print. But then we must take into account that those faithless Catholic

³ *Pall Mall Gazette* Sept. 3.

⁴ *The Edinburgh Courant*, Sept. 5.

newspapers wilfully keep us in the dark about all these startling facts. Another newspaper correspondent, writing in one of the Lancashire journals, (the paper has been mislaid, or the quotation would have been given), reveals much more startling occurrences. It would appear from him, that a meeting of the principal Jesuits was held in Florence, at which it was decided to obey the Pope's will this once, but the Pontiff was at the same time to be informed that he must not repeat this sort of thing too often. What is one to do with such wild fables as these, except to laugh at them?

However, there is no rule without its exception. There is one main idea on which these writers are agreed,—an idea which has been so zealously spread through the length and breadth of the British Isles as to insure for it (if uncontradicted) a settled place in public opinion. It is necessary, therefore, to make certain animadversions concerning it. There is apparently a general impression that, because St. Thomas was a Dominican, the Society of Jesus regards his philosophy and Theology with a corporate aversion and jealousy; consequently, it was natural to conclude that, by imposing the exclusive use of his philosophy in all Catholic schools as well as by the high praises pronounced upon him, Leo the Thirteenth was running counter to the teaching and wishes of all true Jesuits. Nothing can well be more opposed to the truth, as the Encyclical itself suffices to show. How is it possible that a religious body which enjoins on its professors of Philosophy the necessity of following the teaching of St. Thomas as a rule, and adds that if ever they should feel themselves obliged to dissent from him, they are to do so reverently and reluctantly,—which tells its professors of Theology that they are entirely to follow the teaching of St. Thomas and account him as their own Doctor,—which warns those who have authority in this matter that none are to be promoted to its Theological Chairs save such as have an affection for the Angelic Doctor, and that those who are even not sufficiently addicted to him are to be excluded from the office of teaching and put to other occupations,—how can such a body be ill-affected to the recent Encyclical, apart even from any consideration of the Supreme Authority from which the document proceeds? Yet such injunctions, repeated over and over again, are to be found in the Rules and Constitutions of the Society of Jesus. Moreover,—to illustrate this fact still more clearly—Father Claudius Aquaviva, the fourth General,

in a letter addressed to the Body on the subject of the studies declares that uniformity and stability of teaching will be attained by observing the Decrees which enjoin the professors to follow the teaching of St. Thomas, and subjoins that if any theological opinion is manifestly opposed to St. Thomas, there is no further need of examining whether it be solid or not, since we can in no wise follow it. He finally adds, that if any one should have taught opinions contrary to St. Thomas, he is to be made to retract them on the very first opportunity. These facts, one would think, are sufficiently explicit to convince the most sceptical, with what high veneration St. Thomas has ever been regarded in the Society of Jesus, and how the Order has taken the utmost pains to safeguard his authority and to provide for the maintenance of his doctrine among its members by the most stringent Rules. That these Rules have in general been carried out into practice in her past history, can be easily verified by a reference to her most distinguished Theologians. The works of Suarez, Vasquez, Molina, Didacus Ruiz, De Valentia, and many others, are professedly constructed on the *Summa*; and in exceptional instances of independent treatment (as in that of Lessius, for example), the spirit and teaching of the Angelic Doctor are discoverable in every page. In the celebrated controversies between the Dominican and Jesuit Schools, which have been prominently paraded before the world since the publication of the Encyclical, as might have been anticipated, no dispute ever arose between the two touching the palmary authority of the Angelic Doctor. That was an undisputed point. The question turned upon the meaning to be attached to his words. For instance: on the chief point of contention between the two Schools, resuscitated in the columns of the *Tablet*¹ by Professor Rohling, the Dominican Theologians understood St. Augustine and St. Thomas in one way; Molina and the Jesuit Theologians in another. Both appealed to the authority of St. Thomas, and with equal sincerity of conviction. No one is more devoutly and reverently attached to the teaching of St. Thomas (to say nothing of the great African Doctor) than the author of the present article; yet he may perhaps be excused for saying here, that his convictions ever have been, and are still, strongly in favour of the interpretation that Molina has given to that teaching on the difficult subject of efficacious grace. It would be evidently impossible, at the end of a long article,

¹ October 4, 1879.

to refer more particularly to the Letter of the illustrious Professor of Prague, nor would it be to our point; since the Pope's Encyclical deals with Philosophy, whereas the discussion mooted in the *Tablet* is Theological. Yet one word may not be out of place. Professor Rohling appears to reduce this momentous controversy to the limits of a brief formula which neither covers the ground nor indicates the difficulty. *Ab extrinseco* and *ab intrinseco* are ambiguous terms; because they may become true or false according to a difference of relation. They may refer either to the subject or the gift; and, again, if predicated of the latter, may apply to the whole order of grace or to a particular gift in the series. There are such things as prevenient and concomitant graces. The Letter does not assuredly throw light on the knotty question; and the compossibility of the Thomist theory on this matter with predestination *post prævisa merita* would, we more than suspect, be as emphatically denied by the Dominican, as by the Jesuit, Theologian.

The ancient veneration of the Society for the teaching of the Angelic Doctor remains unaltered. There is an English Jesuit now living, who was student for six, and a Professor for ten, years, (partly of Philosophy, partly of Theology), in various Schools of the Society; and he is willing to bear his testimony to the fact that, in the former capacity, he was in each Lecture referred to the authority of St. Thomas who was never mentioned save in the highest terms of respect and praise; while, in the latter capacity, his extreme devotion to the Angelic Doctor became a subject of good-natured joke among his pupils, who (according to his own account) did not think the worse of him for it. It cannot be denied that the Society has not passed entirely unscathed through that epidemic fever for *Compendiums*, *Courses* of Theology and Philosophy *made easy*, original or accommodation philosophies, which have been the great bane of these later years. On this head, however, she is not likely to meet with an accuser who will venture to cast the first stone at her, for fear of that damnatory writing on the sand. This very partial and temporary inoculation may be accounted for in great measure by her suppression, which arrested her necessary course of training for the higher chairs and interrupted her traditional teaching. It is, however, no insignificant sign of her steady vigour, that, within half a century of her restored life, the metaphysics of Aristotle and of St. Thomas are studied in the originals (as we are informed) and commented on as of old

in her Schools. One may venture to add, that to no one of the religious Orders or Congregations in the Church will the Encyclical of Pope Leo the Thirteenth be more welcome than to the Society of Jesus; seeing that it is at once an echo and the highest earthly confirmation of her Rules and Constitutions. It is true that we cannot unfortunately claim St. Thomas as the special glory of our little Society; but we have adopted him from the commencement, and yet lovingly cling to him as our own authoritatively chosen Doctor; nor will we yield even to our Dominican brothers in our sincere admiration for his unequalled genius and great sanctity, in docility to his teaching, and in affectionate veneration for every smallest relic that he has left behind him.

THOMAS HARPER.

Some Truths about the "Popish Plot."

THE incidents connected with the notorious invention, commonly called "The Oates' Plot," were too few and simple, and are now too generally known, to require very detailed recapitulation here, nor does the present article profess to bring to light any hitherto undiscovered circumstance which would add a new feature to the history of the Plot itself, or materially alter its character. The past acts of Titus Oates were too base, his testimony too worthless, the facts alleged by him too improbable, and the reprisals taken on the falsely accused too savage and relentless to escape the openly expressed condemnation of even the bitterest enemies of Catholics in general, and of the Jesuits in particular. Many points, notwithstanding, remain still open to discussion, amongst which are the true connection and coincidence of time between Oates' Plot and the Protestant conspiracy against the succession of James, Duke of York, to the throne; the supposed proofs of the existence of a Catholic conspiracy to assassinate Charles the Second, as independent of Oates' accusations and anterior to the movement against the King's brother; and again, the full extent of the guilt incurred by the Government in instigating and making use of the popular phrenzy for the still further extirpation of the old religion from the land. Directly bearing upon this last point is the question, who were the real murderers of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and what their probable motive, and also what was the full extent of the injustice done to the accused and their witnesses by the judges who in the name of the Government and of Protestant justice tried their cause.

As its name indicates, this "Plot" originated with Dr. Titus Oates, under the especial favour and patronage of Dr. Tonge, Rector of St. Michael's Church, London. The aims attributed to it are neatly summed up by Mr. Madden, in his *History of Penal Laws*, as embracing "the murder of the King, the overthrow of the Protestant religion in England, Scotland, and

Ireland, and the substitution of the Duke of York, or some other Catholic prince, for King Charles, and likewise of the Popish religion for the established faith. The King was to be taken off by his physician, Sir George Wakeman, or by being shot by a Jesuit lay-brother and another person named 'Honest William,' or by two other sets of assassins, two Benedictine monks and four Irishmen of names unknown. The Plot was said to be originally contrived, and so far put into execution, by the Order of the Jesuits. The Provincial in England was the principal agent, and several Catholic noblemen his aiders and abettors." The first question that suggests itself is to ask who was this Titus Oates, and how came it that accusations of the gravest character against his fellow-countrymen and fellow-subjects were so readily accepted and so long believed in on his single testimony? Dr. Lingard tells us sufficient about him. He was "the son of a ribbon-weaver, who, exchanging the loom for the Bible, distinguished himself as an Anabaptist minister during the government of Cromwell, and became an orthodox clergyman on the restoration of the ancient dynasty. Titus was sent to Cambridge, took Orders, and officiated as curate in several parishes, and as chaplain on board of a man-of-war; but all these situations he successively forfeited in consequence of his misconduct, of reports attributing to him unnatural propensities, and of the odium incurred by two malicious prosecutions, in each of which his testimony upon oath was disproved to the satisfaction of the jury. Houseless and penniless, Oates applied for relief to the compassion of Dr. Tonge, a man in whom weakness and credulity were combined with a disposition singularly mischievous and astute. Tonge had proclaimed himself an alarmist; his imagination was haunted with visions of plots and conspiracies; and he deemed it a duty to warn his countrymen by quarterly publications against the pernicious designs of the Jesuits. In Oates he found an apt instrument for his purpose."

It must be borne in mind that we are by no means engaged in simply disproving the probability *a priori* of the truth of Titus Oates' accusations, when we remark that Dr. Lingard has here most cleverly collected together the points which ought to have prevented every unbiassed judgment from giving the slightest credence to his word. The whole character and antecedents of this man were too well known at the time for the boldest Protestant defender either to throw his cloak over

the perjurer, or to find it an easy matter to offer an excuse for the belief of the nation in his calumnies. Ranke alone argues against too great a surprise or too indignant a condemnation of the belief at first placed in his statements. With regard to this historian, it is especially painful to follow, step by step, the studied misrepresentation of fact and perversion of argument by which he tries to give weight to the evidence against the Catholics, while he does all he can to exculpate the tyranny of which they were the victims. Macaulay, as candid often as he is inconsistent, denounces Oates in no measured terms, calling him "the falsest, the most malignant, and the most impudent being that ever disgraced the human form, the founder of the school of false witnesses." Hume, still more directly to our purpose, writes that Oates, "though his evidence were true, must by his own account be regarded as the most impudent villain of mankind." Hence so worthless did he consider the claim of the accuser to be believed, that even had his testimony in this instance been true, he was already from past instances a convicted liar. But instead of quoting other opinions in the same strain, it will save space and time to hear so biassed and credulous an advocate as Dr. Gilbert Burnet confessing that, from personal conversation, he had formed such an opinion of the character of Oates, that "he could have no regard to anything he either said or swore." In countenancing Oates, Dr. Tonge seems to have acted at first as a self-blinded enthusiast, thoroughly believing in the justice of his diatribes against the Society of Jesus, and ready to adopt any trick however unprincipled for worming out its secrets. Dr. Tonge fares badly in the hands of Bishop Burnet, who certainly would gladly say for him all that he could. After seeing the Doctor and hearing his earliest revelations concerning the Plot, he speaks of him as but "a gardener and a chemist, full of projects and notions. He was a very mean divine, and seemed credulous and simple. But I *had* always looked on him as a sincere man. At this time he told me of strange designs against the King's person. I was amazed at all this, and did not know whether he was crazed, or had come to me on design to involve me in a concealment of treason." It seems that Tonge met Dr. Burnet at Whitehall, who, far from being reassured in him, "found him so lifted up, that he seemed to have lost the little sense he had;" and when Oates came in, and as Burnet remarks with grim humour, "made me a compliment, that I was one that was

marked out to be killed," he adds, "He made that honour which he did me too cheap, when he said Tonge was to be served in the same manner, because he had translated the Jesuits' *Morals* into English."

Since, then, the infamous career of Oates and the half-crazy warfare of Tonge against the Jesuits were matters of public notoriety, it is only too evident that the story given out by the former was believed, not because any reliance was placed on his testimony, but in spite of the full knowledge of its utter worthlessness. The members of the Government had learnt no lesson from the past, they had grown perfectly callous to the shame and disgrace of pretending to believe the vilest calumnies and of employing the services of the most vicious and unprincipled informers. They certainly never sank lower than when they defiled their hands by cooperating with a man like Titus Oates, and never was it more evident that no genuine fear of fresh dangers betrayed them into the exaggerated and preconceived prosecution that followed, but simply a deliberate and preconceived purpose of continuing to persecute Catholics to the death, as they had done before. It is useless therefore to assert that the people were unfortunately misled by the infamous Oates into acts of cruelty and injustice which Protestant writers now make it a great virtue to deplore. Their hatred of Catholicity, far more than Oates' duplicity, affixed on the nation the lasting stigma of its belief in the so-called "Popish Plot."

It is a fact too lightly passed over, that the pretended discoveries of Oates were the result of direct conspiracy against the Society of Jesus. At the instigation of Tonge, his accomplice Oates feigned himself a convert to the Catholic Church, and gained admission into the Jesuit College at Valladolid. There he was allowed to remain for five months, until he was ignominiously expelled. With the advice of his patron, he made a second application, and by his hypocritical tears and false promises so worked on the kind and charitable heart of the Provincial, as to be received within the College at St. Omer. Emboldened by success, he begged to be admitted into the Society itself, hoping that he could then find more plausible grounds for the accusation of disloyalty and conspiracy which he intended to bring against it. The coarseness of manners, immorality of conduct, and irreligious conversation, which soon led to a second dismissal, were undoubtedly all his own; the disloyal principles which he professed were probably feigned in

order to betray the masters of the College into an expression of sympathy. Yet these latter are included among the causes of his expulsion. It is well to note that on leaving he exclaimed that he should be compelled by the intolerable burden of poverty to become "either a Jesuit or a Judas." Even after his return to London, and while concocting the scheme with Tonge, he showed himself ready to play false to either side, asserting to a certain nobleman that he had fifty charges of high treason against the Fathers of the Society ready prepared, and that it was in his power to save them from the danger if they would agree to either of two courses—admit him into the Society, or else place him in a respectable condition by awarding him an annual pension. Surely if the Society had any consciousness of guilt it would not have so peremptorily rejected this proposal. What the fifty charges were worth Oates had soon an opportunity of showing. They were evidently the sum total of all that a fair chance, malicious watchfulness, and utterly unprincipled invention could find the slightest colour for. Protestant historians speak of Oates' "apostacy" from the Catholic Church, but his contemporaries knew full well that his pretended conversion to the Church was only a fresh act of irreligion and falsehood for them to condone if they were to pay any heed to his calumnies. It was too much for Gilbert Burnet, who heard with intense disgust the man's self-congratulatory declaration, that "God and His holy angels knew that he had never changed his religion, but that he had gone among the Catholics on purpose to betray them." It were, however, unfair to others did we concede to Dr. Oates the undivided honour of giving his name to this Plot. It is true that Ezekiel Tonge can claim no share in this particular distinction, but he was quite deep and astute enough to communicate his plans from the very first to the Earl of Shaftesbury, the leader of the party in Opposition, "who," say the Annual Letters of the Province, "had for forty years been carrying on simony with wonderful success, and had before this managed to wrest from the hands of the Minister Danby the credit of religious zeal, with the hope of turning it to great account." That Shaftesbury, as well as Danby, listened readily to Tonge's statements is proved by his becoming the grand promoter of public belief in them, insomuch that, as Echard mentions in his *History of England*, the conspiracy was afterwards called Shaftesbury's Plot. Hence there are strong indications of both

Tonge and Lord Shaftesbury being personally engaged in directly plotting against the peace and liberty of Catholics.

The first act of the two reverend conspirators in setting their scheme afloat was to depute, on August 13, 1678, one Kirkby, occasionally employed in the royal laboratory, and personally known to the King, to step forward at the moment that his Majesty was preparing to walk in the Park, and beg him not to separate himself from his attendants, as his life was in danger. Charles paid no heed to the warning, and returned unmolested, because no attack had ever been dreamt of. Tonge however followed up by a private interview in the evening, carrying with him a narration of the discoveries as yet made, together with a long list of forty-three counts, the points of accusation. The Doctor was immediately referred to Earl Danby, the Lord Treasurer, who was informed by Tonge that the original narrative had been thrust under his door, that he knew not the author, but possessed a clue which might lead to the discovery; and that he would endeavour to find out Thomas Pickering (a Benedictine lay-brother), and one John Grove, who had undertaken to assassinate the King. The apathy of those most nearly concerned, while it abundantly showed that no direct plot of the kind was at all suspected, yet caused considerable disappointment to the projectors, and goaded them on to new exertions. There was an attempt to render the information more explicit, to account also for the non-appearance of assassins, and the absence of any incriminating correspondence. The arrival, however, of treasonable letters addressed to Father Bedingfield (Thomas Mumford), the Duke of York's chaplain, at Windsor, where the Court was then staying, was promised by the 31st of August. They duly arrived, and the Father, going providentially to the post office at an early hour that morning, found waiting for him a packet containing letters in a strange handwriting, yet signed with the name of the Provincial and of the London Fathers. The good priest at once detected fraud, and as they were full of seditious matter probably written for the purpose of being intercepted, he placed them all in the hands of the Duke of York, and besought the King to have the affair thoroughly investigated, as he felt that some evilly disposed persons were by this artifice plotting his destruction. Not only were the letters forgeries, but they were clearly the work of one and the same hand as that which had written the information presented to the King by

Tonge, and though professing to come from educated men, they possessed the same peculiarities of spelling and language, and displayed equal ignorance of the real names of those who were supposed to have penned them. We have the authority of the Annual Letters for saying that Danby arrived at Windsor from his country-house on the same day to see the King, and that one of the accomplices in the Plot came down from London, for the purpose of intercepting the forged packet. But, the booty having been already secured, it was necessary for both of them to dissemble the design.

Well might Tonge and Oates now suspect that their whole game was played out, and that it would be fatal for them to take any further step in a Plot which had been detected at its very outset. Perhaps they feared that they had gone too far to recede, but it is still more probable that they had already received the promise of continued support from Danby, who might hope to divert the attention of the two Houses of Parliament from the impeachment then hanging over his own head, by occupying them with so new and exciting a matter for investigation. Although two copies of Oates' numerous charges were in existence, neither could be of any authority until duly sworn to by the informer before some Justice of the Peace. The magistrate, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, was selected, a man endowed with many good qualities, whom all factions were desirous to win over. He was especially kind to Catholics, and was besides a great confidant of the Duke of York. By some oversight the Justice had, when administering the oath, neither read over the information nor kept a copy of it, so that it became impossible to prove innocence as respects the original charges, while full opportunity was given to the impostors of either adding to or altering facts and names as circumstances might require. The magistrate at once informed the Duke of what had taken place, through the secretary to the Duchess of York, his friend Coleman, whose name he was surprised to discover in the list of conspirators. The knowledge of this event introduces us to three links in the history of the Plot which deserve especial notice.

The taking of these affidavits before a Justice of the Peace convinced the Duke of York that Danby intended to bring forward the investigation of the Plot when Parliament should meet, in order to reopen the question of James' exclusion from the right of succeeding to the throne. This measure has been

represented as the natural and necessary protection of the nation from the suspected complicity of the Duke of York with the Popish Plot, a painful and almost scandalous attempt of which the blame lies really at the door of Jesuit and Catholic intrigue; whereas it really was anterior to and wholly independent of this mare's nest discovered by Oates, and itself formed the object of a distinct Protestant conspiracy against James' rights. Even as early as 1668 Buckingham entertained thoughts of setting up a rival to the Duke in his future possession of the throne. Again in 1670 the same Minister succeeded in passing a Bill to create a precedent for Charles the Second's divorce and re-marriage, dreading the consequences to himself should James ever become King. The Duke of York's subsequent marriage to a Catholic and his own reception into the Church were in 1674 made a fresh ground for intrigues which deposed him from office, and strove to expel him from the House of Lords, and from the councils and very presence of his brother. In short, the Duke found himself from this time forward the point against which many a side measure and new test of conformity was really directed. When therefore, on November 2, 1678, the popular leaders still more boldly threw off the mask, and made Oates' Plot an excuse for attacking James by name, and for driving him two years afterward from the country, their violence was no result of a disclosure of Jesuit intrigue; on the contrary, the clumsily contrived inventions of Titus Oates, and their ready acceptance by the Government, distinctly owe their origin to Protestant conspiracy against the Catholic body and the Duke of York at their head.

It was in answer to the earnest and repeated entreaties of James himself that the King, his brother, reluctantly consented to command Tonge to produce before the Privy Council the affidavits made in presence of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. At the appointed hour Oates appeared, and with the utmost assurance read aloud his narrative, wherein, besides other points, he directly accused the Jesuits of undertaking to establish the Catholic religion within the British dominions by rebellion and bloodshed, of a design to murder the King, and even his brother, should the Duke prove unwilling to join in the attempt, and of having held a general consult at the White Lion tavern in the Strand to determine on the most eligible mode of taking the King's life, one plan being to offer Wakeman, the Queen's physician, a large sum of money if he would poison Charles.

He pretended to have arrived at his knowledge by the following contrivance: "His feigned conversion had so far won for him the confidence of the Superiors of the Order, that they sent him in the first place with letters to the Jesuits at Valladolid, which letters he had the curiosity to open and peruse at Burgos. From Valladolid he proceeded on a similar mission to Madrid, returned thence through Valladolid to England, was sent back to St. Omer, accompanied the Fathers from St. Omer to the grand consult; went with them again to St. Omer, and returned with new instructions to England. On all which occasions, so great was the trust reposed in his faith and honesty that the contents of the papers which he carried were communicated to him by his employers." No wonder that his hearers were bewildered at such a tissue of incredible facts, shameless admissions of baseness, improbable sources of information, and even contradictory statements. It is indeed sad to reflect that instead of rising up in indignant denunciation, after the example of his Grace of York, and even of the King himself, the members of the Council drew their excuse for belief from the very enormity of the assertions made, contending that, however embellished, there must be a residuum of truth at the bottom of such statements.

Passing by the minor points of Oates' ignorance of the personal appearance of Don John of Austria, whom he pretended to have seen at Madrid, and his mistake in supposing that the Jesuit house in which he said he was at Paris stood by the banks of the Seine, which made the King depart on the second day from the Council, exclaiming, "This is a most lying scoundrel," Oates was convicted of falsehood on a thousand points connected with the meeting alluded to, the discoveries to be gleaned from the bundles of documents which he had secured, and the history of his residences in Jesuit Colleges. A short printed pamphlet in the British Museum concisely exposes the absurdity of Oates' statement regarding the triennial Provincial Meeting held in London on April 24, 1678, which he called a *consult*. Similar meetings were, according to wont, held in other countries about the same period, and they had been summoned in England itself every three years since the country had been made a separate Province. Such a congregation is called simply to appoint a Procurator to go to Rome to inform the General of the particular and private affairs of the Province. It is composed only of actual Superiors,

the Procurator, and Professed Fathers, to the number of forty in all. The place where the meeting in question was held, was neither the White Horse tavern nor any building near it; indeed, such a house, if it existed at all, was wholly unknown to any of the Fathers. Nor was Oates one of those present, "first, because he was all that time at St. Omer; secondly, because he never wore a Jesuit's habit one hour; he never was so much as a novice among the Jesuits, and by consequence was not capable of assisting in such an assembly." It is curious how close an imitation Oates' attempt to fasten an accusation on the Society was of the misreading of Latin expressions and the misinterpreting the objects of a particular meeting, which signalized the absurd discovery at Clerkenwell. Another point of resemblance between these two was the absence in both cases of a single line to incriminate the Society amongst all the papers suddenly snatched from the hands of the centre of local government, the Provincial himself, not even though they included a vast number of letters, and the acts of the very congregation which Oates had denounced. The discovery therefore here, like that at Clerkenwell, ought to have been acknowledged as a complete vindication of the Society of Jesus from the charge of conspiracy or disloyalty. But if the Society was innocent, then instead of being a conspirator, it was itself the victim of a most distinct and malignant conspiracy.

Protestant writers have sought to console themselves for the necessity of condemning the lies and calumnies which Oates failed to prove against the Jesuits, by maintaining that a Catholic conspiracy did notwithstanding really exist, and that the Jesuit body was full of disaffection. If the charge be true, how is it that every discovery actually made tends to disprove it? It is said that violent and seditious expressions were freely employed on the Continent, as well as in England, by members of the Order, but upon whose testimony? That of Titus Oates! Were it true, why should the English Provincial have privately told a fellow-Jesuit that he had turned Oates out of the College at St. Omer "for misdemeanor, seditious language, and treasonable words, too horrible to be repeated." Again, it is said vaguely that the Society really desired Charles' death. Why so? No doubt it, as well as all Catholics, had many very serious grounds for complaint against the King. He had violated his promises, indirectly allowed persecution, and been guilty of many acts of injustice against Catholics. But yet

these knew that all the while Charles was secretly inclined towards the true faith, and therefore in their most condemnatory thoughts and words respecting either his rule or his person, there mingled none of that passionate and deep-seated hatred which stirs up any class among the subjects of a king to thirst for the blood of one whom they regard as a tyrant. Besides this, what would Catholics gain by precipitating a desperate struggle, against fearful odds, and under circumstances which would exasperate the whole nation against them, and only secure their own destruction. Or if we turn to the Jesuit body, against whom the penalties of the State had been chiefly pointed, as they had been by name especially excluded from any relief or toleration, we look in vain even amongst their own private Annual Letters for the faintest sign of the embittered feelings or dark counselings of the State conspirator. With temperate, and to some, perhaps, provoking simplicity they comment on the real causes and origin of Oates' Plot.

But, it will be argued, treasonable matter was undoubtedly found amongst the papers of Edward Coleman, a member of the Duke of York's household, and a private friend of the Jesuits, as the discovery of part of his correspondence with Père la Chaise abundantly proves. The loose papers in the handwriting of Coleman, found in a neglected drawer, bore the dates 1675 and 1676, and contained a proposal made to the French Father that Louis should furnish a sum of money to be employed in furthering the restoration of the Duke of York to his post of Lord High Admiral, and the establishment of liberty of conscience and toleration of the Catholic faith. The proposal was urged by the motive of "giving the greatest blow to the Protestant religion that it had received since its birth," and by the consideration that "the mighty work in their hands was no less than the *conversion* of three kingdoms, and *by that* perhaps the utter subduing of a pestilent heresy, which had so long domineered over great part of the northern world." Such rhetorical flourishes as these came naturally from a man whom all will acknowledge to have been of a restless, self-confident, and intriguing spirit, but they fall short of being suggestive even of political agitation, and as Bishop Burnet allows, "if all Coleman's papers had been left, it might have been concluded that the whole secret lay in them. But he left enough to give great jealousy. And, no more appearing, all was believed that the witness had deposed." Moreover, Burnet frequently, in the

course of his history, refers to Coleman's constant interference with public affairs, in which, though he makes him out to have been a devoted ally of the Jesuits, he always represents him as acting upon his own independent responsibility, and impelled by his own restless temperament of mind. Hence, even had there been the slightest connection between the discovered papers and the "Popish Plot," the Society would not have been implicated by the nature of their contents.

But now, on the 12th of October, in the same year, 1678, took place an event which, for the moment, drew away attention even from the Coleman letters, and the investigations of the Council. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey suddenly disappeared from his house on that day, and on the 17th of the month his dead body was found amongst some stunted bushes in a dry ditch on Primrose Hill. Burnet describes the locality as "about a mile out of the town, near St. Pancras Church." Who the real perpetrators of this tragedy were, is a point which will probably never be cleared up. Was it a case of suicide, or was it murder? If the latter, by whom was it committed: by a private enemy, or by an agent of either the Protestant or the Catholic side? Each hypothesis seems partly confirmed, partly contradicted, both by the state in which the body was found, and by an investigation into the different motives which might have dictated the crime. Dr. Burnet visited the spot, and viewed the body, and his account is at once circumstantial and faithfully given. The opinion that Godfrey fell by his own hand finds support in the testimony not only of Mrs. Gibbons, whose deposition is quoted by Echard, but also of Burnet. According to him, Godfrey was chid by some for presuming to meddle in so tender a matter, and it was believed that he and Mr. Coleman were long in private conversation together. It was certain that Godfrey grew apprehensive and reserved, for, meeting Dr. Burnet in the street, he said he believed he himself should be knocked on the head. Yet he took no care of himself, and went about according to his own maxim, and Burnet acknowledges it was given out that he was an hypocondriacal man and had killed himself. Dr. Lingard draws evidence from certain affidavits that the Justice had inherited a melancholy temperament from his father who died by his own hands, and that after the apprehension of his friend, Coleman, he was observed to labour under great depression of spirits. "On the 12th of October, having settled his accounts and burnt a large mass of papers, he left

his home at an early hour, and was met in different parts of the town during the day, walking with a hurried pace, and apparently inattentive to all that was passing around him." On the body being examined, marks were found quite compatible with suicide, when a sword that had been violently thrust through the breast was removed a copious discharge of blood from the wound followed, a deep purple crease appeared round the neck, the clothes were perfectly clean even to the shoes, there were no traces of violence. The dead man's cane was fixed upright on the bank, and his gloves lay near it on the grass. After a two days' inquiry before the coroner, a verdict of murder was arrived at, which however by no means gave universal satisfaction, and it was proposed that there should be a fresh medical investigation.

Yet, all points considered, the probability that Godfrey was murdered amounts almost to certainty. The Annual Letters speak of the prevalence of that opinion. When to the circumstances above enumerated we add the still more detailed description of an eye-witness, like Burnet, fresh from the scene, that the man's neck lay bare, round which was a perfectly defined mark, an inch broad; that his neck was actually broken, and that though no blood stained the clothes, yet his breast was all over marked with bruises; nay, that on his breeches were many drops of white wax-lights, which he never used himself, we can scarcely refuse to conclude with him that Sir Edmundbury had been most likely strangled by some persons, and then carried out to a distance, where his sword was run through his body and the accessories arranged with care, so as to wear all the appearance of a deliberately perpetrated suicide. Protestant historians have been in haste to discard the thought of self-murder, so easy does it seem to them to take for granted that none but Catholics could have been interested in Godfrey's death, or have been so base as to commit the cold-blooded deed. So far from this, if we weigh all the motives we fail to find one that presses conviction against the Catholics. Indeed, the only imputation that looks at all plausible, is that of revenge. But then, revenge for what? True, Godfrey had so far meddled with the Protestant action against Catholics as to receive the affidavits of the informers Oates and Tonge. But this was simply a formal act done in the fulfilment of his official duties, and did he not straightway warn Coleman, and through him the Duke of York? In doing this he acted in full accordance

with his known kindness of feeling towards Catholics ; so that even Burnet testifies, "He was not apt to search for priests or Mass-houses, and few men of his zeal lived in better terms with the Papists than he did." Here too we may ask, what advantage could either Catholics or the Society gain by compassing the death of Sir Edmundbury ? He was no fomenter of the Plot, he had ceased to have even an external, passive, connection it. His death could neither save nor help the Catholics ; in truth, it could only produce the effect which common sense must have foreseen, namely, immeasurably aggravate the persecution against them. Had they a murderous intent in their hearts, they would have struck the blow at Oates or Tonge, Danby or Shaftesbury. But it were useless to suppose that the men of the day gave one thought to truth or justice in the matter ; our argument is for the Protestant writer of modern times, who just as hurriedly and unreasonably decides that the Papists were the murderers of Godfrey, as did the infuriated populace which was invited day after day to gaze on "the mangled remains of the Protestant martyr."

If the unfortunate magistrate was not slain by some private hand, there is every reason to believe that a member of Oates' party was the assassin. First of all, if, as his character would suggest, and his ever-recurring new discoveries more than hint, Oates altered and added to his original deposition under oath, it would clearly be to his advantage to make all things safe by the death of the Justice before whom he had sworn. There was also decided place for the motive of revenge if Oates knew that Sir Edmundbury Godfrey had held private communications with Coleman to warn him and the Duke of York. Dr. Burnet, at all events, was acquainted with this fact. Supposing that it was true, as reported at the time, that a small book was missing in which the Justice had written the chief heads of Oates' Plot, seeing that he had already used his knowledge for the benefit of the Catholics, and that Oates had by this time made public his designs and begun his arrests, the recovery of this evidence of the exact statements he had sworn to was far more valuable to him than its possession could be to the Jesuit party, especially at the cost of assassination. Again, how came it that before the body had been found, or any evidence of the supposed murder had transpired, it was rumoured that Godfrey had been murdered by the Papists ? On the day in which the body was found, writes Burnet, "one came into a bookseller's shop

after dinner, and said it was found thrust through with a sword. That was presently brought as news to me; but the reporter of it was not known. That *night late* the body was found." Would the Papists, if, guilty, have spread these rumours against themselves? Yet nothing more natural than their coming from men who cared not how soon a murder became known which they felt sure they could lay at the door of the Catholics. Such reports were quite of a piece with the triumphant use made of the remains of the poor murdered man for exciting the worst passions of the people. When we consider the reckless audacity and perfect absence of a conscience in Oates and his accomplices, and remember the danger they incurred by the waning of public interest and confidence in the scheme of lies to which Oates had committed himself, it is quite conceivable that the life of a prominent, yet not very important, actor in the Plot might have been sacrificed, in order to awaken fresh interest and alarm. It was absolutely necessary that the Jesuits should appear to be involved in the perpetration of some desperate crime corresponding to the designs which Oates had attributed to them, and the imputation would certainly aid his blundering inventions before the Council-board by raising a wild cry from the whole people for vengeance against the presumed murderers. Supposing that he who was willing to swear away innocent lives by the score, and had shown himself bold enough for anything, did really execute so bold a manœuvre as this, he was eminently successful. The existence of a Popish and Jesuit plot became with the populace an established fact, and their minds were fully prepared to believe any bloody design of which the Catholics might be accused. Had the latter really perpetrated the crime, this was the only result that they could have expected to happen. We see then at once on which side preponderates the probability of motive for the murder of an innocent and amiable old man.

As this does not profess to be a detailed or consecutive narrative of the Plot, we turn attention, for our last point, to the full turpitude and dishonesty of which the statesmen of every party, and the highest judges of the Bench, were guilty by adopting and fomenting accusations which they knew to be thoroughly false, and then in many ways torturing and condemning men to death for complicity in a conspiracy which they saw plainly had never existed. The modern historian may have satisfied himself, but he will satisfy no honest man who

knows anything about the matter, by visiting almost entirely on the guilty heads of Tonge, Oates, and Bedloe the fire of his indignation, and passing lightly over the far deeper guilt of experienced ministers and learned judges. Most of these were men of high birth and good education, who had watched personally and minutely the onward advance of the wicked scheme, and had assisted to tide it over the vulgar blunders, glaring falsehoods, and contradictory pieces of evidence which must have again and again swamped it but for their help. They had determined from the first to sacrifice all self-respect and sense of common justice rather than lose so good an opportunity of keeping alive the nation's hatred against Catholicity, and strengthening their own conspiracy to exclude the Catholic Duke of York from the throne. We cannot condemn them in stronger terms than do their own acts. As men of honour, the members of the Parliament were bound to feel themselves personally insulted by the production of one impossible story after another, coined at the moment to build up the case as fresh circumstances required. Even such forgers of lies as Oates, Bedloe, Prance, or Dugdale, must have inwardly laughed at the mock credulity and despised the want of principle which listened to such ignorant and worthless characters as they knew themselves to be, and swallowed all the blunders into which their ignorance of facts repeatedly betrayed them.

But a yet deeper guilt and self-degradation lay doubtless with the judges who perpetrated the final act of villainy by sentencing the innocent to death. They knew theoretically the principles of justice, and they were versed in all the legal safeguards for its upright administration, but they violated these as well as the voice of their own conscience. They silenced their victims by ridiculing the value of their oath and most solemn asseverations. They excited the passions and prejudices of the jury by slanderous tirades against the faith and religious practices of the prisoners and their witnesses. They tried to prove the existence of contradictions in the evidence favouring the accused where there were none. They concealed or put a forced interpretation on the mistakes and contradictions committed by the witnesses against them. They accepted evidence as sole foundation for the truth of facts though the place, time, &c., which it assigned to them were proved to be wrong. They held over Fathers Whitbread and Fenwick for future trial, after discharging the jury, because there had been no one to bring

evidence against them but Oates, whom the judges knew to be an infamous liar. Against all contrary witness they forced on the jury the acceptance of the testimony of Oates and Bedloe on points which afterwards formed the counts on which Oates was convicted of perjury. They decided against their prisoners because they could not produce the witnesses, which the judges themselves made it impossible for them to produce, while those that came they browbeat and terrified. Finally, they ended by condemning to death, after a fresh trial, the Fathers who had been entitled to a full acquittal when previously tried for the same offence. It is only by reading carefully each page of the Extracts from State Trials contained in Mr. Foley's fifth volume of *Records S.J.* that an idea can be formed of the countless mean and unprincipled shifts by which the judges secured the judicial murder of men whom the evidence before them proved to be innocent. There is no difficulty then in explaining how the Oates' Plot, which was simply a sham from beginning to end, came to count its sixty direct or indirect victims.

JOHN G. MACLEOD.

Anemone.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

THE quiet devout Mass was over, and the Father knelt for a long time after it, erect and motionless, at the little *priedieu* which had been placed for him in front of the altar. He had seemed to be very weak in the course of the Mass, and his voice faltered now and then in the prayers. Then he rose, and vanished from Anemone's sight into the sacristy, or rather the little passage which now served that purpose. A moment after, one of the servants of the room came gently into the room in which Anemone was kneeling, genuflected lowly to the altar, and then whispered to her that the Father would speak with her at once.

He was sitting by a bright fire, and the priest who served as chaplain was standing beside him, urging on him the necessity of taking at once the slight breakfast which the nuns had insisted on sending him. "You are too weak to talk, Father," he said.

Father Laurence had no answer for this but a bright smile. "All in good time," he said. "I must first say a word to the child whom God has sent me—after many prayers."

The chaplain shrugged his shoulders, and then appealed to Anemone, who was just entering. "You must make him eat and drink," he said; "we cannot." Then he left them alone.

Anemone knelt down by his side. "Well, Father?"

He waved his hand over her in the form of a cross, and then took her hand and placed her in a chair.

"My child, I am here to serve you. What do you wish?"

There was little doubt what Anemone wished. She had passed a good part of the night on her knees on the cold floor, and then had slept a few hours in peace. Her mind was clear, her heart bounding with joy. "What do I wish? Father,

I wish with all my heart not to leave this place till you have admitted me into the Church."

Then she remembered the injunction of the chaplain. She urged him to take his food, and said she had something new to tell him while he was making his breakfast.

"Yes," he said, "I am weak. It must be so, though Christmas Eve is not a day to break one's fast. But God wills it so ; only you must have some food too." Then he rang a little bell, and was going to arrange that some breakfast for her should be taken into the parlour. But she pleaded earnestly that she was expected by Mrs. Storrs, and that she could go and come back in a short time. He asked her to wait a few moments, and made very short work indeed of the provisions before him.

Then Anemone told him of the arrival of her brother and Geoffrey Arden.

"Geoffrey!" he cried. "What has he to do with it? Has he any rights over you, my child?"

"None at all. He is come only because he heard that you had had an accident, and were here. He did not know that I was at Merchester till he met my brother in the train. John has come to take me home, if I will go."

"Poor Geoffrey, he has come just in time to find me doing what he will not like." Then he mused for a moment or two.

Curiously enough, he had already heard his nephew's name connected with that of Anemone. Lucy Arden had said carelessly that she did not expect her brother to wait very long without a companion, as soon as she was herself married, and had given a hint that his visit to Woodsgore was not without a special purpose. It is not the business of this veracious chronicle to explain how this very unintentional remark of hers had been repeated by the footman who heard it to the lady's-maid whom he was courting, and had given occasion to the gossips of the town to start a report about Mr. Arden and Miss Wood. Still less are we concerned to trace the steps by which this bit of gossip got to the ears of some pious ladies, who mentioned it at a charitable work meeting, where somebody heard it who asked another person whether it was true, which other person immediately asserted to a third that it was true, on the authority of her own questioner, and how it then was whispered loudly in the porch of a certain London church after Benediction, and so at last came to the ears of the good friend of Father

Laurence, who informed him of the report as he passed through London. So it was, however, that this particular bit of gossip had been mentioned to him on the authority of a Catholic lady. He had remarked to his informant that when he knew Catholic society many years ago, during the interval between his conversion and his entrance into religion, there was no set of people more averse to the repetition of gossip. His friend had only smiled, and said quietly, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Now we are at the head of society in that respect."

Father Laurence had paid no more attention to the matter, but now it came back to him, and it made him listen then with interest to what Anemone had told him about Geoffrey's helpfulness to herself. But he had failed to see a single mark, in the way in which she spoke, of any embarrassment as to her relations to his nephew, and she had said enough to make him perceive that her thoughts were certainly not in the direction of marriage. Still, the presence of John Wood and of Geoffrey made him thoughtful.

"I suppose these young gentlemen will be coming down to scold me," he said. "Well it is better it should fall on me than on others."

Then she told him that John wished her to talk the matter over with Geoffrey before she did anything more. "I only said I would see him, Father," she said. "I made no promise to see him before I had done what I want to do."

Father Laurence again paused, and seemed abstracted for a minute. "Go in the name of God," he said at last. "We will do this thing swiftly, but it shall be done so that no one can complain. When will Geoffrey see you?"

She had appointed no time, but she said she would ask him to come to her as soon as he could after his breakfast. So it was arranged that she should come back to the Presbytery as soon after eleven as possible. Anemone slipped into the chapel again before taking her leave, and after a short prayer, was again on her way to Mrs. Storrs'.

She got through her breakfast well enough, though the older lady growled at her considerably for going out in the morning so early. Her maid, who took her note to the inn, brought back an answer from Geoffrey, saying that he would be with her in about an hour. Before that time, John came, in a very bad humour indeed. He was not a man of bad temper, nor was he fond of dogmatizing about religion. Generally speaking, he

contented himself with laughing at Ritualists and High Churchmen as inconsistent, and had no very hard language for the poor Papists. Now, however, he was altogether upset. Anemone had never known him so cross before. He stormed and growled and threatened. It was very unkind. He knew, or ought to have known, that her weak point was her intense family affections. All the Woods had this, but Anemone more than the others. And now he worked this particular wound in a way which made her very unhappy. People in such circumstances as his are very fond of speaking of everlasting separation, and of the severance of the tenderest natural ties. They do not mean all they say, and they often come round very soon. But Anemone could not know this, and when he spoke of their never seeing her again, and of the cessation of all intercourse, even by letter, with her sisters, she could only gently resign herself to what was so painful. But John went on almost to outrage her, by speaking of the hopes they had all had of her making a good marriage with Geoffrey, which they all wished for. All that would be at an end, Geoffrey would let her see that. He almost spoke as if she had half engaged herself, and were behaving badly.

But it is hardly worth while to relate all that fell from John on this occasion. He was very unlike himself, and it would be unfair to judge of him by his words. But he did more than he meant. He fairly roused the gentle spirit of his sister to something like indignation.

"If I thought Geoffrey was in the state of feeling which you suppose," she said, "nothing would induce me to see him until I am a Catholic. But Geoffrey is not as you represent him. He has never said or hinted a word of what you say. I shall talk with him as I have been accustomed to talk with him, and I will tell him, in my poor way, the reasons I have for what I am going to do. And now, dear, dear John, forgive me if I pain you, but I must follow my conscience."

John kissed her, but he was still cold and rough in his manner.

She was glad to have a few minutes to herself before Geoffrey came. He was a little late to his tryst, a thing quite unusual with him—but perhaps he was just a little afraid of what he was going to do. He had slipped out while John was having his talk with Anemone, and had seen his uncle for a moment or two. Father Laurence had welcomed him with his

wanted kindness, and had chid him for taking the trouble to make a long expedition after an old bag of bones like himself. He had told him also that he had made the acquaintance of Miss Wood. "She is one of a thousand, my dear boy," he said; "a simple, gentle, but strong soul. You are to see her, hey? about her religious intentions? Well, test her if you like, it will do her no harm, and you some good, perhaps. But remember, Geoffrey, not to fight against God."

"Not to fight against God! not to fight against God!"—the words kept ringing in his ears as Geoffrey walked up the little street to Mrs. Storrs'. He remembered where they came in the New Testament, and what had been the fate of those who had neglected the warning. Poor Geoffrey! he had been drifting away from devotion and practical piety for some time, and his present occupations and interests were not likely to lead him back. It would indeed be a blessing to him if he could link his life with some pure and unworldly soul, such as Anemone. He knew that it was so, and perhaps it was this that attracted him most of all to her. He was certainly not deeply in love—but he had made up his mind of late that he would try to win Anemone. But John was wrong if he reckoned on his interfering on the present occasion with any violent passionateness of self-interest. He had often said to himself that the converts seemed happy and good enough, and why should they be proscribed? The great effect of his uncle's words was to make him as serious as he could be in his good purpose of being perfectly fair in his dealings with Anemone on this question, and although he was not much given to prayer at this time, he did breathe a very true prayer when he set his foot on the door-step of Mrs. Storrs' house that he might say nothing that might injure Anemone in the conversation which was to ensue. At the same time, it must be said that he determined to do his best to make her pause. He did not like sentiment, and he knew he could do no harm by preventing any one from acting on it. He was fond of intellectual discussions, and only a few days before he had been listening with something of pleasure to the very clever cross-questioning which a recent convert had undergone after dinner at the house of a friend of his, who was rather fond of bringing together persons who might make a good intellectual fight. This young convert was very poorly furnished with learning, especially on historical questions, and he had seemed to Geoffrey to come off rather

badly in the battle, which had been waged over the character of certain of the Popes, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the False Decretals. The Anglican was a man with a certain smattering of information—a clever writer in a certain weekly journal, who made a kind of profession of smart conversation. The convert had taken the line of defending all that was found fault with, and so was easily overthrown—though we should be sorry to say that the facts, as alleged by his opponent, were not open to grave charges of inaccuracy and exaggeration. The effect of the discussion had been bad for the Catholic side, for the palm of coolness, as well as that of apparent knowledge, was undoubtedly carried off by the assailant. It was with this discussion in his mind that Geoffrey now went to see what he could make of Anemone's resolutions as to Catholicism.

He was almost disarmed at once when he saw that she had been crying. He had never seen her so before, and he asked her gently what the cause was.

"Never mind, it will soon pass, or rather, I must learn to bear it," she said. "It is a little hard to be told that I must never again see those whom I love most."

"Ah, I see, John has been speaking hastily. It will never come to this in your family, depend upon it. John is angry and grieved at what you are going to do, but you will find him John always. The others love you too much to let a thing like this part you. Part you, indeed, it must, for it must make a great gulf between you, but love will know how to bridge it over as far as it can be bridged. I am not one of you, Anemone, though I have a right to speak as if I had some interest in you—and I for one will certainly never change."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Geoffrey. And now you know what I am going to do—sooner than I ever thought it possible some time ago, though it is not true that it is a new thought—and what can I say to you to make you think that I am not acting foolishly? Yet I know you will judge me leniently."

"Well, Anemone, I would urge you to pause. Why so much hurry? You have lived very happily hitherto as an Anglican, and why not a little longer? You have been excited by all that has happened—it has touched you to see my good uncle, and you have also seen your friend Mrs. Westmore. Why not go home, and think the matter over?"

"Geoffrey, you have made me think, or you have helped me to see, that all religious questions run up into the question of the Church. Is it not so? And if I tell you that my mind is clear as to that—that if there is any Church in the world, it can only be one, how can you bid me wait? I am told by one who can judge, that my faith is strong and clear enough for it to be a duty to act. What is there to keep me back? I hope I have been outside, hitherto, without knowing I was outside. Now I do know it, and if I remain outside now, it will be doing what I think wrong, instead of what I think right."

There was no sentiment here for Geoffrey to attack. It was a plain allegation of conscience, recognizing duty. He was thrown back on the question of fact.

"Do you know the Church you are going to?" said he. "Do you know enough of it to trust yourself to it for the salvation of your soul?"

"It is enough, surely," said Anemone, "if I know it to be the Church. I have been all my life professing to believe in its existence, and now I have found where it is, and my duty of professing my submission so it. As soon as I know it, I ought to do it. More than that I need not know. If it is the Church of God, I may safely trust my soul to it. It is the same thing as trusting myself to God."

"But, surely, if you know that it is a system of falsehood and cruelty, you cannot think it the Church of God? See how bad some of the Popes have been, see how they have encouraged murder, as in the case of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or how they have built their system on a set of forgeries, like the False Decretals,—is not that enough to make you pause?"

It was very unfair of Geoffrey to urge these arguments. When he reflected on the conversation afterwards, he acknowledged this to himself. How could Anemone be expected to have gone into these historical questions? How could the truth of the Church of God be meant to depend, for its acceptance by the mass of mankind, on their knowledge of difficult points of history?

Anemone was silent for a moment. At last she said: "You have taught me, Geoffrey, to put aside all minor points and to look only to the evidence of the marks of the Church. I do not know how many Popes are said to have been bad men, but I know that our Lord told the people to obey even the Scribes and Pharisees, who were certainly bad men. If you mean to

say that there has been so much badness in the Popes as to make the Church not the Church, then I do not know what we have left us to believe in. The badness of the Popes does not make the Church of England any more the Catholic Church than she would be without it. And where are we then?"

"But how can you believe in the infallibility of a bad man?" said the other—his conscience again smiting him, as he made the objection.

"I do not know enough about these questions to dispute with you," she said, modestly. "But I suppose a bad man may teach true doctrine, and be preserved from teaching false, as a judge who is a bad man may give good legal decisions. God has promised to provide for the Church, and our business is only to obey her."

"Yes," he said, almost bitterly, "if there is a Church. But if the system was all founded on the Forged Decretals, I don't know how many years ago——"

That was quite true, Master Geoffrey, you did not know the date of the False Decretals, though you spoke of them so glibly.

"Well, dear Geoffrey," she said, "I know nothing about the False Decretals. But I do know the Catholic Creeds, which are for all time. I don't know what you say was established by the False Decretals. I take it for granted that there is a Church, and that being so, I suppose there is some answer to what people may say about the False Decretals. Do you mean that the Popes forged them, or who?"

"Well, I suppose they did—at all events they used them."

Geoffrey! Geoffrey! you were speaking of matters you knew little more about than Anemone herself.

"I should like to hear the other side of the matter," said Anemone. "I suppose that there may have been mistakes about the antiquity of documents, and that some may have been thought older than they were, or the writings of persons who never wrote them. The real question as to a body like the Church would be whether the doctrine that was taught was false, not whether the documents which were adduced were spurious or genuine. It is very wicked to forge—so wicked that I can hardly think the Popes would have done it. But even a forgery is not always a falsehood—indeed, it has to make itself as like to the known truth as possible, if it hopes to succeed. Is not this, after all, dear Geoffrey, a minor point? It is certainly one

as to which I cannot be responsible. For, if the Church always existed according to our Lord's promise, it would be able to stand the danger of false documents as well as of bad Popes."

"The Church, the Church, always the Church!" said Geoffrey, coldly.

"Yes, my dear Geoffrey, the Church, the Church, and always the Church! I believe one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. The best of it is," she added, smiling, "that you are the person to whom I owe it, that I settle all questions in this way. It is not a very learned way, no doubt, but I am a poor weak woman. If you can give me anything better to believe, do so in the name of God; if you cannot, then"—she spoke solemnly and with her eyes full of tears—"then, in the name of God, do not seek to make me believe nothing."

Her manner and action brought to Geoffrey's mind the last words which his uncle had said to him that morning. And to his honour be it said, he then and there determined to press her no further. There was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Pope's medal, not to speak of Galileo, still in his quiver, as it were. But Anemone was holding up the shield of faith, and all these fine and fiery darts would be of no avail. Besides, to do him justice, Geoffrey felt that it was rather mean to use arguments of this kind. Her instinct was right, after all. Such arguments, he felt, really tended to the destruction of faith.

"God be with you, Anemone!" he said. "If you believe, act on your belief, and go where it leads you. I have done what I could to put reasons before you for delay. But you must judge for yourself. Your happiness is as dear to me as my own, and God forbid that I should thwart it."

"Thank you," she said, taking his hand and kissing it. "You have always been good to me, and you are good still. And now, dear Geoffrey, see if you can help me in making John and the others less unhappy."

He promised her that he would do all he could, and then took his leave. He found John waiting outside the porch, and was at once eagerly questioned by him. He told him it was of no use. "We must let her go her way in peace, and trust, that she will find the same happiness in that religion which my uncle Laurence has found in it."

CHAPTER XLVII.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!"

WHILE Geoffrey had been battling with Anemone, her brother had thought it worth his while to see if he could make anything of the good Father Laurence. He had a certain dread of this encounter, but he was very much excited about the expected secession of Anemone, and being, after all, a true Briton, he said to himself that he must leave no stone unturned in his attempts to avert the threatened danger to his family. He began to fear that if Anemone went, Cissy and Rose might go too, and he was alarmed even for the wife of his bosom. This terrible disease is so contagious! So John set off for the little convent, and was soon quietly ensconced in the parlour, waiting for the old Father.

It would have been far better for Father Laurence to be resting all this morning, at least till Anemone came, according to their agreement. But he felt that he had a certain work to do, and he was delighted at the thought of seeing John Wood. The younger gentleman began by saluting him as Lord Clyst-Arden, but that the Father peremptorily forbade.

"There is no Lord Clyst-Arden at present," he said, "though there soon will be—a good friend of yours, Mr. Wood, but one who does not care for you more than I do. I knew your mother's family very well indeed, though I dare say you never heard much of me. And now you are come to scold me for helping your sister into the Catholic Church? Well, I dare say it seems very hard to you. You know I never thought of doing you this bad turn, as you think it, though I cannot deny that I have prayed for all of you ever since you were born."

John was then convinced that he could gain nothing by bluster and ill-temper. So he settled down into a quiet state of remonstrance.

"It is very quick, what you are doing, Father Arden, as I suppose I should call you. My sister has not thought of this long, and she may repent at leisure of what she now does so precipitately."

"Perhaps it might not have been quite so soon, but for the troubles she may have if it is not done now. But I don't know. I won't say that your coming has hastened her step, for that

is not the case. I had made up my mind not to refuse her request before I knew that you were here. But it is clear that she has reasons, in all the opposition she is likely to meet with, for wishing not to delay. Why should she, if her faith is clear and strong, and if she feels it wrong to remain what she has been brought up?"

"It is such a turning her back on all she has been accustomed to, on all her former life. She has been so good ever since she was born. We never saw a fault in Anemone. She is so good-natured and humble and thoughtful for others, she is so fond of her religion, so good to the poor, so self-denying, so charitable in her words. I never heard her say a word against any one, and we used to say, when we were quite little ones, that if any one abused another, Anemone always took the side of the absent. I think she knows her Bible half by heart, and to see her in church is enough to make a poor fellow like me pray. Why is all this wrong? What has she been doing all this time that she is to renounce? If ever there was a saint, it is Anemone!"

Poor John had just been rating this said saint for her selfishness in breaking up the family peace, and a number of other enormities. But that must pass. He was in truth a sincere believer in his sister's extraordinary goodness, and this only made him more angry with her, though if any one else had abused her, John's sword would have leapt from its scabbard in her defence.

The Father's eyes glistened with tears. "Is it so? I can quite believe it. Thank God! I knew one like her in all those things once. But now, dear Mr. Wood, don't talk to me of your sister going back from all this. She is not going to renounce her former life, or to turn her back on her former self at all. She is going, by the mercy of God, to do that to which all this has been leading her, and what if she does not do, all this goodness will perhaps forsake her. She cannot live a good life with an uneasy and false conscience. Conscience is a delicate thing—the most beautiful of the moral creations of God. She has been all this that you tell me, and which I can quite believe, though I do not know it as you do, because she has hitherto followed the light she had and used the graces that were given her. She is a child of the Church by her birthright in baptism, as all of you are. But she has not known the unhappiness of her position as a child of the Church outside its

doors. Now she has found out how it is, and like a true child, she will not be kept an hour from her mother's side, if she can help it. And who am I," said the Father, solemnly, "who am I, to say her nay? I will not stop her a moment from following her conscience. She is quite ready, as far as all that is essential is concerned."

"But surely," said John, "you cannot deny that there is always danger in such haste? Do you make all your converts in this way—do you receive them straight off, whether you are sure of them or not? It seems to me that the work of conversion must be rather too easy, if this is the way you do it."

"You are not far wrong in one thing certainly," said the Father. "I have had to keep people weeks, and months, and even years, under instruction, in India—for they have been ignorant Pagans, with a thousand temptations around them to the breaking of the simple law of God and of nature, and with bad traditions engrained in them, one might almost say, and at all events, liable to come up in wonderful power almost at any time. Yes, we have often to wait long and be very careful how we proceed, you are right there. I can only say that your sister is not such a person, as you must yourself know. Now tell me, did you ever know Anemone—as you will let me call her—act without prudence and carefulness in any important matter? Is she the sort of person to take a sudden fancy into her head and to go back when she has once acted? She would do so, I know, if she thought she had acted wrong; but you know her character—is she likely to be precipitate now for the first time in her life? It is sometimes prudent to be slow, sometimes it is prudent to be swift."

John felt just a little caught by his own praise of Anemone. The Father was turning him against himself.

"But it must be wrong, Father," he said. "It is against all that she has been taught from her childhood."

"Against a very little of it, perhaps," said the Father, "against a very little of it, and only perhaps as to that. It is beyond what she has been taught, above what she has been taught, but it is not, thank God, inconsistent with it. She has been taught the Creed all her life and the necessity of believing it and professing it. She has been taught what the Church, into which she was baptized, was, but not where it was, and now she has found it. She does not want to learn what it is, or her duties to it, but only where it is. She has been taught to pray

and keep her conscience clear from sin, and to use what she thought were the means of grace. They have been blessed to her, on account of her good faith. Now she has found out the truth about all these things. She is only acting on her former teaching, in following the true light which she has now gained. Would it not be in truth a turning back, if she were to go on where she has been, now that she has discovered that she ought to be elsewhere? That would be very unlike the Anemone of whom you have been speaking to me."

"I cannot argue with you, Father," said John, "I am not a learned man."

"And am I a learned man?" said Father Laurence, "and am I using arguments to you that any simple Christian cannot understand? I have read a few more books than you, perhaps, but, thank God, the Church is a very plain question; she is a city planted on a mountain, a light that all can see. Thank God there are a score of Anemones in any fairly large circle of society. They may not be all as good as your sister, nor may they all have the opportunities or the faithfulness in using them which she has. But there they are, souls filled with grace, and faithful to it according to their light. Their trial comes when the light of duty points out the path which leads directly to the door of the Church, for that is usually a thorny path, and not every one has the strength to walk on it. Ah! Mr. Wood, how many Anemones there have been who have wanted strength! You see, even with her, there are crosses already to be borne. She is one of those souls who feel intensely the love of those around them, and now God bids her run the risk, at all events, of sacrificing that; and you, my dear sir, are one of the instruments He allows to be used in putting her to this severe trial. I do not blame you for opposing her in every reasonable way. I do not wish you, or any of her family, to be indifferent about religion. Let what she has to go through, the hardest part of which is the having to pain you, set you to pray more and think more about these matters. That is the good providence of God in these conversions in England in our time, few as they are, that almost every family in the land has some experience of the loss which you are now to experience. But if I do not blame you, you must not be too hard on me for helping one soul into the Church without delay, for doing quickly what I have to do, and giving, as far as lies in my power, that special satisfaction to the Heart of my Divine Lord, which He finds in an act of

perfect faithfulness and immediate surrender to His will. This dear child's life has been so good hitherto, you tell me. Well, I tell you that it will be far better hereafter. What our Lord will call her to I cannot tell, but this act of faithfulness is one which He often rewards with a great gift and a high vocation."

Poor John had not much heart to hear about a high vocation for Anemone. He could remember how they had been all afraid of the influence of Mother Sophronia, and thinking that they might lose their Nem to her. His eyes began to be as watery as those of the good Father himself. He had been threatening Anemone with banishment and separation from the others, and all the time his one great desire was to keep her with them.

But it was quite clear that nothing was to be gained by further talk with the Father—unless, indeed, John wanted to be almost made a Catholic himself. So he took himself off, to wait for the issue of the interview between Anemone and Geoffrey. His only chance now lay with Geoffrey, and yet he did not feel very sure of him. But it was at all events a comfort to know that Geoffrey would not be changed as to any designs he might have had on Anemone, even if she were to become a Papist. Poor John was obliged to take refuge in that very small crumb of comfort. He was not at all sure as to Geoffrey of late. He had seemed much taken with Anemone during his late visit, but it had as yet produced nothing. Then he knew that there had been some very good news from France. The Sisters under whose care Blanche had been placed wrote most hopefully about her. There seemed every prospect that she might soon be restored to perfect health and calm, and be able to take charge of her children. The good doctor at Arden's Clyst had been over to see her, and had confirmed the report of the Sisters in every respect. John could not help thinking that this news might possibly have some effect upon Geoffrey's plans for his own future.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

IT was late that morning before Anemone found herself at last quietly kneeling in the little chapel, waiting for the Father to help her in her formal reception into the Church. She had thought over all that she could remember of her life during those long hours of prayer the night before, and, with a little assistance, her simple confession was soon made. Then he explained to her the rule which requires conditional baptism, for the sake of safety, in converts from Anglicanism, and after this was over, she made her submission to the Church and received absolution in the customary manner. Then he bade her stand up and join him in reciting the *Te Deum*. But when he began, the words were caught up by the sweet voices of the nuns in the little choir behind the altar, and the organ pealed out. He was obliged to chant the prayers at the end, in a clear firm voice, though his emotion was almost too much for him, and Anemone sank on her knees, and remained she knew not how long in the most tranquil happiness she had ever known.

The nuns had arranged that she should have a little room to herself for the rest of the day, and take her meals there if she liked. The chaplain had found a little lodging for her and her maid a few doors off, and she was to live at the convent as much as could be. She had taken a loving leave of Mrs. Storrs, as she did not like to let that lady have the trouble of having a Catholic in her house. Moreover, she had already found out that there was to be a Midnight Mass at the convent, and that she might be allowed to be present.

The afternoon she spent chiefly in the little chapel and in her parlour by herself. Father Laurence was resting after the fatigues of the morning, as he was still far from strong. Geoffrey had been to see him in the afternoon, and had arranged to stay at the inn over Christmas Day and the Sunday. He should find enough to interest him, he said, in the Cathedral, and he had his friend to fall back upon, as well as Mrs. Storrs, with whom he was to dine on Christmas Day. She had pressed Anemone very tenderly to join them, and she could not well refuse. John was too much upset to stay. He hurried off by an afternoon train, and hoped to get to Woodsgore somehow before midnight. He saw his sister for a moment before he

left, and fairly broke down in parting with her. All his anger was gone, and he sobbed and wept like a child, embracing her as passionately as if he was never to see her more. Not a word of reproach fell from his lips. She loaded him with affection, and sent the tenderest messages to her sisters and his wife.

So all was over for the nonce. She had plenty of time to write the only letter she cared to write at such a time—a few lines to Alice to tell her of her happiness. Alice was to come with her husband to, Merchester, at least for a part of the time during which he was to be in residence, and this was one great inducement for Anemone to think of remaining where she was also. In fact, she had but little choice. She could not go as yet to Woodsgore, she shrunk from the thought of Nessop by herself, and, besides, the Catholic conveniences at Nessop were not very great. Then she had found out that Father Laurence was to remain for a time at least at the convent, and his guidance was now her chief hope. It was an additional delight to have a chance of being a good deal with Alice. The little lodging which the chaplain had discovered was not a very grand abode, but it was clean, and had one good sunny room looking out on a garden, with the Cathedral beyond, in which she could sit and take her meals if she chose, and the people were as civil and simple as possible. There was a nice little collection of Catholic books at the Presbytery, and it seemed as if Anemone had all that she required for the present. Here then we must leave her for a short time, before we part from her altogether.

It was perhaps just as well that none of the good people at Flaxhead, who were so deeply interested in the supposed state of things between Emily and Bertram, were aware of the little half-hour which the pair had spent together in their fruitless search for the gardener. The demeanour of both of the parties concerned in that interview was somewhat enigmatical afterwards, and it is just as well that the curiosity of the rest of the party was not whetted as it might have been, if they had known more of the facts. Florence and Bertha both considered themselves as having an indefeasible right to the confidence of Bertram, and Lady Susan would not have been pleased at the thought that Emily had taken any decided step without her maternal knowledge and approval.

As we are not bound to keep foolish secrets after the time, we may as well say that Bertram had no reason to be discontented with the issue of the conversation. Emily was a

curious girl in some respects. She was, in truth, as fond of Bertram as she could allow herself to be of any one who had no formal rights over her affections. But she had no idea that he could have conceived the full-fledged design of asking her to be his wife then and there. When she found out that it was so by the very unmistakeable statement in which he conveyed his meaning, she was more ready to sink into the ground with fright than to throw herself at once into the happiness to which he invited her. Then, besides, as Bertha had divined, her heart was very full of Jane's sorrows and troubles. It did not seem a time for plans for her own marriage. What did she say? Bertram, perhaps, could have told exactly every word that passed between them. But it would not be easy to write it all out. She almost begged his pardon for having made herself the object of his affections. Then she went on, in an equally humble strain of supplication, to beg him not to think of it—for the present. As soon as she was made aware that he could not help thinking of it, and had every intention of making her think of it also, she begged him to wait a short time, and, meanwhile, to let everything be as if he had not spoken. Above all things, no one was to know what had now passed. She was so earnest that he could not say her nay in anything. Besides, it is probable that, taken as she was unawares, and not being at all an adept at duplicity, she must have let more than one indication escape her which he could read well enough, as to the real state of her feelings. It was a blundering bit of business on both sides. He reproached himself a little for not having followed the sage counsel of his cousin, and she had really expressed a good deal more than she had said. Bertram could not be altogether sorry for the result of his act of independence, and Emily could not really win the point that it should be as if he had not spoken. They were "Bertram" and "Emily" before they went back to the house, and during the remainder of the time which they had to spend together there was a happy feeling of security and mutual intelligence between them which was quite inconsistent with any real doubts as to their future. No harm was likely to come of it, but these two young people had slid into a mutual understanding which was a secret from others, and they had done this without the slightest intention of evil. Bertram held his tongue, even from Florence and Bertha, because Emily desired it, and now, and, as he hoped, for all his life, Emily's wish was to be his law in such matters. No

one should come between them. Emily held her tongue because she had nothing definite to say to any one, and had not, she thought, said anything definite even to herself or to Bertram.

The Spanmore Lodge party of course went off to their uncle on the day after the news came which summoned Emily and Charlie to Osminster. This no doubt facilitated matters as to the silence which was kept concerning the interview between the prince of the one house and the princess of the other. Somehow a good deal of Christmas Day was spent by the two parties together. Bertram drove his sister over to church at Flaxhead—to see if the decorations had been well managed—and they stayed to luncheon at Lady Susan's. Something of the same kind happened on the Sunday, without the excuse of those interesting decorations. That Sunday afternoon the friends were obliged to part. Bertram managed, by the kind aid of Lady Susan, to have a short stroll with Emily before the final separation, and when he told her that he should soon be making his way to Osminster, she took it as a matter of course, and gave him a look which was enough to make him feel quite sure of his reception.

If that Christmas was happy at Merchester and at Flaxhead, it was by no means unhappy at Osminster. Of course there was deep grief in the household at the Vicarage. They had for some time expected their loss, but now that it came it seemed as if they were unprepared. It was already known that Mr. Barker had left everything in the hands of Mr. Hornsea as executor, and the last named gentleman had taken his place at once as the great support of the bereaved family. He had a quiet, soothing, but, withal, masterful way as to all questions and arrangements, and left the widow and elder children little to do but to look after their mourning and the like. Nothing could yet be settled about the Vicarage, but he spoke as if they were to reside there for some time longer.

If there was resignation and comparative calm at the Vicarage, there was true happiness at Blackley House. The children were home, though Emily and Charlie were still absent, and Alice had full leave to do as she liked on the day of the feast. That morning, too, as if to overwhelm her with causes for thanksgiving, brought her the little note from Merchester saying that Anemone was safe. She hardly liked to speak of it before Aunt Joanna, but she put the note into her husband's hand after breakfast, and he only said, "God

bless her ; she will be safe wherever she goes." In the afternoon Alice went down, for the first time in her life, to Benediction. In other days, her husband had often told her how he liked the Benediction services abroad nearly as well as the High Masses, and she had always longed for the time when she might be present. She was off before the time, and was early in the little chapel, but as she approached the door she was aware of the fact that she was already a sort of lion among that poor assembly, who had few indeed of the well-to-do class to help them and share the cross of proscription which they had to bear. There was one tall woman curtseying and nodding to her, and invoking blessings on her head, whose voice seemed not quite unknown to her. She had a stout weather-beaten man by her side, and was well and respectably dressed, with a child holding her hand.

"God bless you, my lady," said Biddy ; "you gave me an alms once, when you were poorly, and I have prayed for you ever since to the Blessed Mother of God !"

The whole scene in the garden, which has been related at the outset of this history, came back to Alice in a moment. It was but a few months ago, and what had passed since then ! How much had Biddy's prayer had to do with the happiness she now enjoyed ?

Then she remembered that *Anemone* had been there too. Biddy remembered too the sweet face of the girl who had flung her the little gift from the room above. And when Alice told her that she too was now a Catholic, she broke out into one of those beautiful homely strains of thanksgiving to God and our Lady which are so often heard from the lips of the poor Irish.

Catholic Review.

I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

I.—HIGH CHURCHMEN AND EVANGELICALS AT A LATE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE present day is a great time for Congresses of various kinds, and we are very far from questioning their usefulness. It must be of great advantage for the students in any special line, or in a number of special lines, of thought or science, to meet together and compare their ideas. Not many lines of study can prosper much if they are left to a few isolated individuals, and it is also an advantage to the community at large that it should be reminded of the progress that is being made, and impressed with the importance of other than merely material subjects of interest. Something too no doubt is done, in meetings of this kind, to rub off prejudices and to promote kindly feelings, which are never without their use among the followers of any pursuit whatsoever. At the same time, a thing that is altogether a sham cannot well stand the publicity and wear and tear to which it is exposed by the assembly and free talk of a large body of its adherents. For this reason we doubt whether the Anglican authorities have gained much with the outside world by their Pan-Anglican Synods, which have certainly, notwithstanding the earnestness and ability of some of their members, not done very much to disprove the correctness of the estimate so unkindly formed of them by the dignitary of the Establishment, who declared, of the first, that it was pre-eminently a "convivial meeting." However, the Anglican people know their own business, and will not come to us for recommendations how to further the interests of the prosperous body to which they belong. We may, however, in the general interests of truth and religion, make a few modest remarks on one of the latest of these meetings, not indeed a Pan-Anglican, but what we may call a Pan-Establishment, Congress, held lately at Swansea.

The meeting was successful in one very important point—the weather was favourable. The good people of Swansea are probably neither more nor less inclined to superstition than their neighbours—but the interesting report of the meeting in the *Guardian* confesses that some of them were inclined to attribute the fine weather to the presence of the Congress. The tradesmen of the town, headed by Mr. Mayor and the Corporation, were no doubt delighted to gather within their own city so many strangers, who might certainly be expected to eat and drink sufficiently, and were probably quite safe to pay their bills. Altogether some three thousand tickets of admission were disposed of, and it is quoted as a sign of the interest taken in the assembly by all classes of the community, that the Dissenting chapels were closed during the week of the stay of the Congress, in order that ministers as well as congregations might attend the various meetings. “The good people of Swansea—though evidently not at all used to the sight of clusters of clerical personages up and down their streets—were laudably anxious to make their temporary guests feel welcome and at home. At Swansea, as in former towns visited by the Congress, many acquaintances and some friendships were contracted, which may have their value, personal and ecclesiastical, in future years.” As we read in another part of the same report that a good many ladies were present—though, sad to relate, they were “seated under the galleries of the hall, whence they could not see much, and could hardly hear anything,” and probably therefore could not be much seen—we may understand the hint about personal friendships formed at this Congress in its widest and most Anglican sense. Who shall say in how many parsonages of the immediate future the meeting of the Congress at Swansea may be looked back on with a very affectionate interest indeed?

There seems to have been a good gathering of the minor, and even of some of the greater, notabilities of Anglicanism. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the opening sermon “from notes,” but he seems not to have stayed long at the meeting, which was presided over by Dr. Basil Jones, the worthy Bishop of St. David’s. The Bishops of Rochester, of Oxford, of Winchester, were present. All parties, more or less, were represented, except perhaps the Broad Church of the Dean of Westminster school. Some leaders of the Evangelicals, Canons Ryle and Garbett and Prebendary Cadman, met in friendly

intercourse with Canon Butler, of Wantage, Mr. Berdmore Compton, of All Saints, Margaret Street, Mr. Benson, of the "Cowley Fathers," and Mr. Knox-Little. There was also a goodly sprinkling of laymen—Lord Nelson, for instance, and the inevitable Messrs. Beresford Hope and Dickenson. There was a good deal of tolerance, therefore, in the Congress, and it seems to have passed off without any great disturbance or loss of temper.

The reporter, from whose account we derive our knowledge of the meeting, remarks on the great and exceptional interest felt in the question of the final Court of Appeal, which drew people away from anything else which happened to be under discussion at the same time. "There were simultaneous gatherings at the music hall, where Canon Ellison and Lord Aberdare were to speak about temperance"—perhaps the people of Swansea might have heard just enough of that subject before—"and at the Guildhall, in which the popular subject of hymns and hymn-books was launched"—and by no less attractive a speaker than the Bishop of Derry—"but the multitudes flocked to the National Schools"—the scene of the discussion on the Law Courts—"They crowded platform, steps, alleys, and approaches, and what seemed more remarkable still, a number of evening tickets had been taken, with a view of hearing this particular discussion, by very many who were not full members of Congress. I saw many young men, probably Nonconformists, apparently of the lower middle classes, and very much interested they were by what was said." It is just possible that some part of the popularity of the subject lay in the fact that it was the most likely of all to produce a warm debate. There are, we fear, only too many "young men of the lower middle classes" who would prefer a dog-fight or a wrestling match to all the attractions, even of the National Schools at Swansea, and it is just possible that they crowded the room in hopes of witnessing a "scrimmage." Perhaps the good people of Swansea had a foolish notion that a pugilistic encounter would be a more interesting thing to listen to, than even Lord Aberdare on intemperance or Dr. Alexander on hymnody. Failing a downright set-to, the next best thing, perhaps, for the profane at a Church Congress is to hear strong language in the mouths of successive reverend speakers, and this at least the crowds who flocked to the National Schools did not miss.

The Bishop of Oxford opened the discussion—but he was

above everything episcopal, and could not be expected to satisfy the craving of the audience for strong language, if such a craving existed. After him came Dr. Blakeney, an Evangelical, who had the common sense to argue, drily indeed, but with unmistakeable ability, in "favour of the existing courts, which he maintained to be the outcome of the royal supremacy, to be now in all essentials what they have been since the Reformation, and such as could not be repudiated without peril to the union of Church and State." This is not the only instance in the Congress in which the best common sense came out of the mouth of an Evangelical. Dr. Blakeney was applauded, we are told, by a large party, but his paper was not so well suited to a popular audience as that of Dr. Phillimore, who came after him. Dr. Phillimore's paper is printed *in extenso* by the *Guardian*. It is no doubt learned after a fashion, but its rigid theory about jurisdiction needs, we should say, very important additions and qualifications before it could be admitted by a Catholic canonist, and the upshot of the whole argument is to show that the poor Anglican Establishment is in a very bad way indeed, and that nothing but the most stringent measures will suffice to save it. "What, then, is to be done?" says Dr. Phillimore. "Reform from beginning to end, true reform; a recurrence to first principles, long corrupted and obscured. Give the Church a voice in the appointment of her bishops and archbishops, and let them sit as judges canonically, not autocratically, with the assistance of their clergy, or if they be too numerous, of representatives of their clergy, with their chancellors as skilled assessors, and with representatives of the faithful laity to concur. Let the appeal be to the synod of the province presided over by the Metropolitan, and if further appeal be required, let the appeal be, while Christendom unhappily remains divided, to a synod of the whole Anglican Communion."

The criticism that we are tempted to make on such proposals as this, is to hesitate a doubt whether their authors can really be in earnest. They propose the most unwieldy machinery for very simple matters, and a machinery which it would require immense force and the very greatest importance in the cause to set in motion. This is not a practical court of appeal at all. Such a court should be something easily accessible, and composed of a few skilled judges who have nothing else to do. How can a man of sense like Dr. Phillimore ever think that such a plan can be carried into execution? But if it is not

practicable, what is the use of going to Swansea to propose it? There is the same revolutionary tone about the remarks of another High Church authority, who took up Dr. Phillimore's line after the latter had been followed by some comparatively sensible remarks from Mr. Blakesley. Mr. Berdmore Compton was full of fury—

The fallacy of applying the secular legal mind to spiritual things has exploded. The rottenness of the foundation upon which the unmanageable machinery was placed is exposed by its disorderly action. The complaint of the Church is no longer of the badness of recent judicial work, but of the absence of authority in the courts to do the work at all! Our ecclesiastical judicature is in ruins. And we are already looking round with consternation at the previously unsuspected foundations of other ecclesiastical structures in a similar Erastian style of architecture. No polity can stand with judicial anarchy. Unless the ecclesiastical polity provides a respectable and respected system of ecclesiastical justice, ecclesiastical revolution is imminent. Until the statutory interference with ecclesiastical principle is got rid of in some way, and the old foundations re-established, we shall be in this perilous state of suspension of justice, on the brink of revolution. We have before us various plans of reconstruction. One which finds much favour at the present moment is the throwing great power into the hands of the Bishop *in camera*. It is proposed to give to, and to claim as already given in some cases, a personal, extra-legal power of stopping legal procedure—a power which would certainly lighten the scandal of our having no proper courts to entertain it. I submit that this is un-English, un-Catholic, unconstitutional, unworkable. In our distress let us not take temporary refuge in thirty dictators.

All this is very terrible. But it pleased the audience, who clapped and cheered Mr. Compton when he rose. "It looked very much," says the ingenuous reporter, "as if the English Church Union had resolved to make a sort of field day of this occasion, and to put forth all their strength." That is all very well, but if all the strength of this organization is to be put forth in big and violent words, it is not very greatly to its credit. Mr. Compton was followed by Mr. Valpy, a barrister, and, as it is said, one of the legal advisers of the Church Association, who spoke without premeditation, but appears to have had an argumentative triumph over his predecessor. Somehow the barristers at these meetings seem usually to talk more sensibly than the clergy. Mr. Valpy "pointed out with great force—what is in truth the weak point—that Dr. Phillimore and Mr. Berdmore Compton, had found much fault with the existing courts, and

especially with the final court, but had utterly failed to indicate clearly what they proposed to substitute for it. He urged with great force that any court that was to act in that capacity in ecclesiastical causes, must be one that commanded the respect of the laity. He concluded by saying that if the judicial committee, assisted by the bishops as their assessors, were incompetent to administer the law, as stated by Dr. Phillimore, he wished to know who were capable." And the discussion was ended by Canon Ryle, an Evangelical, who came to the conclusion that it would be difficult to find a court of appeal that would give universal satisfaction, and said that he did not think a better court could be obtained than that which exists at present.

It certainly strikes outsiders that the Evangelical party, as represented by its members at this Congress, came out, on the whole, far better than the High Churchmen. They seemed less afraid of their own position as Anglicans, and less wild in their suggestions and complaints. The thought that rises to the mind, when we read the fervid denunciations of men like Mr. Berdmore Compton, and when we remember all the strong language of the same kind that the leaders of the same party have uttered during the last half century—generally with the happy result of having to dine upon it afterwards—is, that these men do not mean what they say. Or, at all events, that they are not prepared to act on what they say. The firework system of speaking is all very well in politics, which people understand to be more or less of a game, which has to be kept up by a certain amount of gunpowder, but the questions which affect the vital interests of religion, and of what these speakers consider to be the Church of God, are really treated with levity and disrespect when they are made the occasion of rhetorical explosions which mean little or nothing. The language of Mr. Compton is that of a man whom we might expect to find in a few days behind a barricade, with a red flag flying over his head. Whereas everybody knows that the party to which he belongs has no intention whatever of giving up its comfortable respectability for any barricades whatsoever. It seems to us that modesty and gentleness of language would be more fitting in men whose actions are certainly never very dangerous to the repose, even of their most fiercely denounced enemies, and we regret to see the High Church leaders losing caste by utterances which few people will imagine to signify anything serious.

We are bound to add, that the same superiority on the part

of the Low Churchmen, seems to have been evinced on another occasion, when the subject discussed was, "the best means of promoting internal unity in the Church." Of course Catholics know well enough that there can be no true internal unity except in the possession of one Faith and in submission to the laws of the one Fold and the rule of one Shepherd. But it seems to us that the most manly and sensible way, for those who have not these blessings, and yet have a great regard and devotion for the truth as they believe it to be, is to acknowledge that, as the Apostle says, the "wisdom that is from above is first chaste and then peaceable," and that the interests of truth are never to be sacrificed to a hollow compromise. And yet, as we turn over the reports of the speeches made at this meeting of the Congress, we are struck with the light-hearted chaffing style of what fell from Mr. Knox-Little, and with the scantiness of real import that can be discerned in the pretty little speech of Mr. Randall, of Clifton, while on the other hand, Mr. Valpy "warned the Congress against the error of sacrificing the truth to a desire for unity. . . . If there were no fundamental differences between Rome and the Church of England, what justification had we for the Reformation? . . . Dr. Pusey," he added, "had declared that two schemes of doctrine were struggling for mastery within our own Church. Should we then hide our differences?" And Canon Garbett had the courage to put the truth very plainly before the meeting.

He believed that up to a certain point unity amongst different schools of Churchmen was a possibility, but that there was a point at which that possibility ceased. We were divided not merely by acerbity, but by honest misunderstanding. He believed that the great historical High Church party did not entirely understand the position of the Evangelical party, or recognize their loving reverence for Episcopal authority, for the sacraments, or for primitive discipline and order. On the other hand, he did not think Evangelical men appreciated the firm and consistent stand which the High Church party had made against the Church of Rome and the great apostasy. It was with sadness that he felt constrained to go further; but he feared there were divisions amongst us which were fundamental and essential. It was quite true that we all agreed to acknowledge in the Creed the Catholic Church; but did we all interpret the words in the same manner? He would put it this way—If he asked how a poor sinner was made just before his God, would the same answer be given by all Churchmen? Would not their answers be widely and essentially and irreconcilably different? If that was true, though there might be uniformity, and there might be comprehension, loving, vital unity was impossible.

We repeat that the palm for straightforwardness and manly honesty seems to be due to the Evangelical speakers rather than to those of the High Church party. We hear a great deal of late as to the decay of Evangelicalism. Inasmuch as Evangelicalism is a school of opinion which admits several heresies, we cannot be sorry that it should decay—unless it should turn out that something worse is substituted for it. But false doctrines may be held, when they have been received by tradition, without the special temper of heresy, and, on the other hand, it appears, from what we see in certain members of the High Church party, that it is quite possible to hold, as a matter of private judgment, a good many more Catholic doctrines than other people hold, and yet to be very much behind them in love for the truth as such at all costs, and in a thorough detestation of religious indifference.

2.—THE BULL UNAM SANCTAM.

From the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Juillet 1, 1879.

In the second edition of his *Historie politique et religieuse de la France*, M. l'Abbé P. Mury affirmed that the famous Bull, UNAM SANCTAM, attributed to Boniface the Eighth, under the somewhat conjectural date of 1302, was a manifest forgery, at least in part, and he referred for the proof of his assertion to a work of Father Damberger, S.J., *Synchronistische Geschichte der Kirche und der Welt im Mittelalter*. It is not surprising that such an assertion should have evoked a protest. In an otherwise favourable notice of the Abbé Mury's book, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, complaint was made that a document of so great importance as the UNAM SANCTAM, so long accepted as authentic by friends and foes alike, should be thus lightly rejected without a word of argument, as if no doubt at all attached to a conclusion which, in point of fact, was shared by very few. We now know the reasons upon which the Abbé Mury founds his opinion, and it is easy to perceive that they have been well weighed by him. They are clearly and forcibly stated in the article to which we call attention; but while they certainly suffice to show that his convictions are the result of considerable thought, they can scarcely be held to justify his former strong and unqualified assertion: *La bulle UNAM SANCTAM, sur laquelle Noël Alexandre, Fleury, et même Bossuet fondaient leurs griefs contre Boniface VIII., est certainement falsifiée,*

*sinon entièrement fabriquée, comme beaucoup d'autres de ce temps, par des créatures du roi de France."*¹ To succeed in casting a doubt upon the genuineness of a document is not at all the same thing as to demonstrate its falseness. Every French general who commits a mistake when he has an army in the field is declared to be in league with the enemy; yet, though arguments will not be wanting to render doubtful the purity of his motives, a Government worthy of the name will hesitate long before condemning him to a traitor's death. Now, although unquestionably there are suspicious circumstances connected with both the first appearance and the subsequent treatment of the Bull UNAM SANCTAM, still, it is by no means true that all the good arguments are on one side of the debate. The Abbé Mury's able dissertation will leave unconvinced many critics, not less competent, perhaps, and not less conscientious than himself.

We cannot here discuss the doctrinal meaning of this very famous Bull, nor does it in the least affect the question of its authenticity. At least this much is certain, and for the present it is enough, that a thesis which has been defended by Catholic theologians for centuries cannot be so clearly erroneous that its presence in a dogmatic definition may be taken as evidence of forgery. In some sense, which neither the Abbé Mury nor ourselves can be called upon to determine, after so many volumes have been written to extenuate or exaggerate or explain the force of the words, Boniface the Eighth says, or has been hitherto supposed to say, that two swords have been placed in the hands of the Church—one to be directly wielded by her, the other to be employed at her beck in her behalf. *Certe qui in potestate Petri temporalem gladium esse negat, male verbum attendit Domini proferentis: Convertite gladium tuum in vaginam. Uterque ergo est in potestate Ecclesiæ, spiritualis scilicet gladius et materialis; sed is quidem pro Ecclesia, ille vero ab Ecclesia exercendus. Ille sacerdotis, is manu regum et militum, sed ad nutum et patientiam sacerdotis.*

We cannot, without doing a grave injustice to the learned impugner of the authenticity of the Bull UNAM SANCTAM, pretend to offer, in the limits of a few short paragraphs, a proper reply to his carefully constructed accusation. Even in the condensation of an argument, which we do not make our own, there is always danger of unfairness. Still, for the merit

¹ *Histoire politique et religieuse de la France.* Paris: Bray et Retaux, 1876.

of the subject, we must endeavour to trace out at least the lines along which the attack proceeds, exhorting those of our readers to whom the question is one of special interest to seek for themselves a fuller explanation in the article contributed by Abbé Mury to the *Revue des Questions Historiques*,² or in the writings of Father Damberger, S.J., upon whom even now the main burthen of the proof is thrown.

The war between Edward the First and Philip the Fair had been the occasion of large imposts levied upon Church domains under the euphemistic title of gifts or loans, in flagrant infringement of the Sacred Canons. Boniface had vainly expostulated several times. In 1296 he published a Bull beginning with the words CLERICIS LAICOS in which he is said to have severely forbidden clerics to give, and laics to demand, these contributions. It is very doubtful whether the extant text is genuine. No *bullarium* contains it, and where it occurs in the *Corps du droit canon*,³ a wrong date is given, and no place is mentioned. On the authority of Father Damberger, it is said that several forged Bulls were disseminated, having the initial words CLERICIS LAICOS, and that the genuine Bull was suppressed in all haste. It is, indeed, too true that "there were at that time unblushing falsifiers of documents, and more especially in the service of the Kings (of Naples and of France), Charles the Second and Philip the Fourth, men who forged Briefs and Bulls without scruple or conscience." The case of the Bull CLERICIS LAICOS is in close analogy with the case of the more important UNAM SANCTAM, and forms an introductory argument *a pari*, that what is readily admitted in the former instance need not be indignantly denied in the latter.

Again, a Bull, AUSCULTA, FILII, was sent to Philip, but a shorter composition (the initial words being always preserved in such forgeries) was immediately substituted by the Chancellor Pierre Flotte de Rérel with the direct object of exasperating King and people. The language was well chosen for the purpose: "We would have you to know (*scire te volumus*) that both in spiritual and in temporal things you are under us." This undoubtedly false document and with it an imaginary answer of the King were circulated industriously, and the people were informed by a herald that the Bull had been burnt before the assembled Court, after the Count of Artois had thrust his

² 1^{er} Juillet, 1879, p. 91.

³ *Sexti Decretalium*, lib. iii. tit. xxiii. cap. 3.

sword through it. It was as easy to invent Pontifical discourses as Pontifical Bulls. In one discourse of very doubtful value, Boniface is made to say that the King cannot deny that he, like every other Christian, is subject to the Pope *ratione peccati*. It was difficult to know whom or what to trust in the days when the UNAM SANCTAM came into the world.

The Acts of the Council which was opened at Rome towards the close of the year 1302 have been destroyed; but it has been admitted, on the authority of Cardinal Tosti, that the Bull UNAM SANCTAM derived its existence from this Council.

The Abbé Mury gives the received text of the UNAM SANCTAM, and seems to think that the prefixed synopsis might almost condemn the Bull by anticipation as quite too foolish for a genuine utterance of supreme authority.

Whatever may have been the canonical value of the UNAM SANCTAM at an earlier date, the Abbé Mury, acquiescing in the argument as it is given in an article in the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, attributed to the editor, Mgr. Chaillot, contends that it is at all events perfectly open to discussion now, seeing that it was followed a few years later by the decretal, MERUIT, in which Clement the Fifth declared it to be his will that the relations of France and the French Monarch with the Holy See should be considered as in no way affected by the terms of the UNAM SANCTAM, and that they were still in every respect precisely what they had been before that "definition and declaration" appeared:⁴ "*Hinc est quod nos Regi et regno per definitionem*

⁴ It is not easy to follow our author's reasoning here. If Clement the Fifth considered the UNAM SANCTAM as a disciplinary enactment, he could either revoke it, or endorse and explain it; but if he meant to revoke it, he ought to say so. If, on the other hand, he considered it a dogmatic definition, he could not revoke it, or declare it no longer binding. In the hypothesis of the genuineness of the UNAM SANCTAM we cannot argue that it lost its canonical force, being superseded and annulled by the MERUIT, unless we presuppose that it was not dogmatic; but our author does not wish to assume anything. The words used by Clement the Fifth leave it doubtful whether he means that Boniface intended nothing new, or that he himself rescinds what was designed for an innovation. If Clement meant, as his words certainly can mean, that like every other *definition* the UNAM SANCTAM contains no new truth, and leaves the relations of the King of France, as of every other Christian King, to the head of the Church precisely such as they would have been if Boniface had said nothing about the two swords, then the MERUIT would give us no more right to sit in judgment upon the UNAM SANCTAM than our ancestors in the faith could have claimed before the MERUIT was put forth. The MERUIT so explained would only confirm whatever force the UNAM SANCTAM had possessed in the beginning; but it would certainly be still possible, with a blameless conscience, then and always to endeavour to ascertain, as the Abbé Mury does, either what that force was which the Bull possessed, or whether it possessed any force at all.

et declarationem bonæ memoriæ Bonifacii Papæ prædecessoris nostri, quæ incipit: UNAM SANCTAM, nullum volumus præjudicium generari. Nec quod per illam Rex, regnum et regnicolæ prælibati, amplius Ecclesiæ sint subjecti Romanæ quam antea existebant: sed omnia intelligantur in eodem esse statu quo erant ante definitionem præfatam: tam quantum ad Ecclesiam quam etiam ad Regem, regnum et regnicolas nominatos.

Two other reasons are added from the same source to prove that the famous Bull has certainly now lost all canonical value, if it ever had any. The first is that Clement the Fifth ordered that various erasures should be made, not only in the text of the UNAM SANCTAM itself, but also in other documents into which it had been partially inserted. The second, which constitutes one of the main arguments against the authenticity as well as against the canonical value of the Bull, is that John the Twenty-second (*al. XX. al. XXI.*) omitted it intentionally from his collection of Canons.

According to the received account the Bull was issued four years after the compilation by Boniface the Eighth of the sixth volume of Decretals, and in conformity with canonical precedent ought to have been inserted in the collection next succeeding, namely, that of the *Clementine* decrees published in 1316, but it was omitted therefrom by John the Twenty-second, a learned canonist. No motive of prudence can be alleged for the omission, since Philip and Clement had both been dead two years. The omission was, therefore, deliberate. The Bull is found only in the *Extravagantes Communes* of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, by which no authentication of any kind is conferred; for while the *Decretals* of Gregory the Ninth, the *Sextus* of Boniface the Eighth, and the *Clementines* of John the Twenty-second, are all furnished with commendatory Bulls declaring them to be authentic, the *Extravagantes Communes* are an anonymous and uncritical compilation of the end of the fifteenth century.

Abbé Mury here notices what he considers to be the strongest of the arguments alleged in defence of the UNAM SANCTAM. It is said by its upholders that, genuine or not, it was acknowledged and ratified by Leo the Tenth in the fifth Lateran Council, and that any rectification or authority previously wanting to the Bull was imparted by this Pontifical approbation. To this the answer, taken from the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, is that Leo the Tenth confirms in general terms the Bull UNAM

SANCTAM, but does not insert in the Acts of the Council the text of the Bull to which he refers.

Il est très vrai que Léon X. a confirmé la Bulle UNAM SANCTAM ; mais quelle est la Bulle qu' il entendoit confirmer ? Où peut-on trouver le texte légal et officiel de cette Bulle ? Léon X. ne nous le communique pas, et il est impossible de l'obtenir d'ailleurs. La question demeure donc dans l'état où elle se trouvait avant le Ve concile de Latran. Après comme avant, le texte officiel de la Bulle UNAM SANCTAM fait totalement défaut.⁵

Clement the Fifth had intended to publish a continuation of the Decretals, which was to be known as the *Septimus Decretalium*. His successor, John "the Twenty-second," changed the title into *Clementines*. At the close of the sixteenth century Clement the Eighth ordered the preparation of a collection, to which he proposed to give this name of *Septimus*, showing thereby (our author suggests) that he regarded the *Extravagantes* "qui font suite au Sixte" as out of the field.⁶

To the objection that Gregory the Thirteenth had published the *Extravagantes Communes* in an official edition of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, Abbé Mury answers that Gregory expressly says in the prefatory brief that each document rests upon its own merits, receiving no fresh sanction from the fact that it forms part of this collection.

The Abbé Mury endeavours to show in the next place that Boniface the Eighth is not the author of the UNAM SANCTAM. To this purpose he institutes a critical inquiry into the composition of the Bull,—the phraseology, the sentiments, the logical sequence of ideas, and finds in the slovenly structure of the sentences, in the inopportuneness of the remarks, in the fancifulness of the applications of Scriptural texts, and, above all, in the inconclusiveness of the arguments, intrinsic evidence which leaves no doubt upon his own mind that the Bull is a clumsy fabrication, altogether unworthy of the Holy See and of Boniface the Eighth. The Bull is bristling with incongruities and diffi-

⁵ We must be permitted to say that this argument to our mind savours rather of legal subtlety than common sense. By the time of Leo the Tenth the UNAM SANCTAM was well understood to mean what we mean by it now.

⁶ It is confessed, however, that the "extravagating" UNAM SANCTAM would probably have found a place in the new collection in spite of its vagabond antecedents, if Paul the Fifth had not suppressed the *Septimus* at the last moment.

culties in every order. Why not cut the Gordian knot with one bold stroke?⁷

Finally, Abbé Mury contends that it is not the work of Pope Boniface the Eighth, because it can be shown to be the work of Ægidius Romanus (Giles Colonna). A collation of passages taken from the UNAM SANCTAM and from an unpublished MS. entitled, *Ægidii Romani de Ecclesiastica potestate, libri III.*, reveals even to an unpractised eye a close resemblance, which can only be satisfactorily explained on the supposition of the common authorship of both.

We hope to see a careful answer given to these plausible but, as we venture to think, very far from insurmountable objections; for the UNAM SANCTAM in its outspoken condemnation of Gallicanism is worth defending, nor can we feel even faintly the force of the remark, which seems to us indeed singularly infelicitous, that Boniface writing to Philip would not have descanted upon the unity of the Church, *qu' assurément ni la France, ni son roi ne songeaient à nier.*

II.—SCIENCE NOTES.

THE 1st of October has brought with it the opening of the medical schools of the metropolis and of the provinces. In accordance with established usage, an address to the students inaugurated the work of the session in each of these institutions. On these occasions a good deal of sound advice is usually administered to the novices who are about to enter on their course of medical study. The examples of those who have risen to the higher honours of the profession are held up for their imitation, and they are warned that only hard and persevering labour will enable them to reach like distinctions. They are cautioned against the seductions which a large city throws in the way of young men who have just been freed from parental supervision or from college discipline, and they are told of the evils that await them if they yield to these seductions. When these friendly admonitions have been given, the lecturer usually

⁷ The words of the reviewer to whom Abbé Mury addresses his remarks are not easily to be met. He says, "Cette Bulle elle-même a été assez souvent et assez violemment combattue pour que nous ayons le droit de supposer que si les théologiens qui en ont pris la défense n'ont pas opposé à ses adversaires, comme premier argument, la qualité d'apocryphe qu'on voudrait lui attribuer aujourd'hui, c'est qu'il était impossible de le faire avec quelque chance de succès."

addresses himself to some topic which has an immediate scientific interest for the audience before him.

Looking over the addresses which have been delivered in the London schools at the opening of the session 1879—80, we cannot fail to be impressed by the tone of earnest gravity which pervades them. We cannot help feeling that they are the utterances of serious minds to whom the progress of real knowledge is of paramount concern, and who are not to be drawn from the path of calm and patient research by the butterfly theories of the hour. The practical good sense with which Englishmen are credited seems to have been largely bestowed upon these spokesmen of the medical schools. As a rule they have discoursed only of that with which they were thoroughly acquainted, and, in consequence, their audiences have been spared much of that rapid and mischievous rhetoric in which ill-trained minds love to indulge on such occasions. With rare exceptions, which we shall notice later, they have exhibited very little of what the French not inaptly style *la demi-science*. In this respect they present a favourable contrast to their scientific brethren of the Continent. In France, and even in the graver German schools, there are men who will become prominent at any cost. Unfortunately, at the present day, bold language, however silly it may be, is almost certain to attract attention, if it tend to outrage established notions of morality and faith. In public utterances outspoken infidelity or materialism still shocks a certain number of minds, and thus men who would otherwise be overlooked or unheeded have still within their reach an easy method of attracting notice. The fifty-second annual meeting of German naturalists and medical men has taken place at Baden-Baden. A correspondent of the *Lancet* has been at the pains to send a record of their proceedings to this country. The correspondent does not know "how to characterize the address given by Dr. Jäger, who identified the human soul with the odoriferous organs, and showed graphic representations, in the form of curves, of the effect produced by the most heterogeneous bodies on his own olfactory ganglion." We do not labour under the same difficulty as the correspondent of the *Lancet*. Several epithets suggest themselves to us which would not inaptly characterize the address of Dr. Jäger. But to help the correspondent out of his embarrassment is not our present purpose. We have mentioned Dr. Jäger and his views merely that we might give an example of that *demi-science* from

which, as a rule, our own medical schools have hitherto been delivered. We say as a rule, because there are signs which seem to indicate that the evil is trying to establish itself amongst ourselves. We refer here to the inaugural address delivered at St. George's Hospital. The lecturer, we take it, is a young man, whom a little more knowledge and a little more thought will lead to other views. If we take notice of his opinions in these pages, it is because the place in which they have been expressed lends them an adventitious importance, beyond what their intrinsic worth could secure for them. The lecturer's theme was: "The influence of the study of science upon the mind." He has an unbounded admiration for the eminent men of the medical profession, and he has undertaken to reveal some of the charms of character which make their society a pleasure. Amongst other good points, "they will have something to say on education, or any subject which will improve the condition of the people. With State matters of this sort you may, I say, elicit their sympathies; but the eccentricities of religious sects or their quarrels neither interest nor disturb them, and from superstition of all sorts they are absolutely free. For as scientific knowledge advances, so surely does superstition vanish. In saying this you will notice that I make no reference to religion."

For the sake of those who heard his lecture, as of those who have since had the advantage of reading it, it was needful to add this last clause to prevent a wrong apprehension of the import of the speaker's words. Few minds, not specially fortified by a warning of this kind, could have avoided the notion that the speaker had been making a reference to religion, and some might even have carried away the impression that the reference had not been complimentary. Perhaps it was to relieve distressing feelings of the latter sort that the lecturer continued: "And, lest I should be misunderstood as to the place which I think religion should occupy in education, I may be allowed to express the belief that no thinking man can doubt the necessity of religious teaching for the young of all classes, as well as for the masses of all ages, and to add that whatever his convictions may be, he is content to leave others in the undisturbed possession of their own; but religion is not superstition any more than theology is religion, and the study of science may be said to make us religious when she teaches us that obedience to the laws of nature leads to happiness, whilst their infringement just as

certainly leads to the reverse. For the laws of nature are the laws of God. The teachers of superstition require in their pupils faith and credulity, whilst the teachers of science welcome incredulity and insist upon inquiry, the result in the one case being belief, in the other knowledge."

This is almost equal to Dr. Jäger's olfactory ganglion. But it has an advantage over the utterances of the doctor. It sounds more majestic, and it has been produced at a less cost. Nothing is easier than generalizations on the progress of science, or on the effects of scientific teaching, or on the relations between science and dogma. It is not necessary to unsheath a dissecting knife, or to focus a microscope previous to a lecture on any of these topics; and the less the lecturer knows about the details of science and the details of dogma the more certain is he to deliver a startling if not an instructive discourse on theories of this kind. A hurried reading of Dr. Draper's book, and a little of Dr. Draper's proud disdain for mere facts and definitions, will qualify even a common-place mind for the task.

Not that we would call the mind of the lecturer whom we have now to do with a common-place mind! By no means. There is a noble magnanimity in the permission which he accords that religion be taught to the young and to the masses, to which we despair of doing credit. Spirits of Newton, of Kepler, of Görres, of Ampère, that it should be graciousness in the aural surgeon of St. George's Hospital to permit the truths which made your faith in life and your hope in death to be taught to children and ploughmen!

"The teachers of superstition," continues the lecturer, "require in their pupils faith and credulity, whilst the teachers of science welcome incredulity and insist upon inquiry."

It is outside our province to determine what the lecturer understands by *faith*, and in what he considers it to differ from *credulity*; having little acquaintance with the schools of superstition we shall not criticize the statement as to the dispositions required in their pupils. But we would willingly know the meaning of the phrase, "the teachers of science welcome incredulity." The student of science who began his scientific career with the profession, and, much more, with the practice of incredulity, would soon exhaust the patience of his teacher. Fancy the young gentleman who has succeeded in passing his first examination, gravely refusing to believe that the blood circulates in the body till he has performed for himself all the experiments of Harvey.

He is told that the wonders of the circulation may be shown by a simple experiment on the growing horns of a deer. The incredulous youth refuses to believe till the animal is produced in the laboratory, and he has satisfied himself, by observations repeated through many months, that Hunter has correctly stated his facts. Or again, imagine the young man, who has been welcomed because of his incredulity, declining to accept the testimony of the standard works on therapeutics, as to the effect of the various drugs upon the system. It would be unbecoming in him to put faith in the latest edition of the *British Pharmacopœia*. But what is to become of his examination in *Materia Medica* if he will not believe?

We will permit ourselves one selection more from this lecture on the "influence of the study of science on the mind." It is the lecturer's epitome of the theory of evolution.

"Physiologists tell us how they are able to trace all forms of life back to its original form, the primeval cell. How this cell imbibes nutriment from without till dying it gives birth to other cells. How next a many-celled creature appears protruding its limbs which serve to move it, and to place food into an opening which it has now displayed for its reception. Amongst communities of such as these whilst development proceeds, the weaker becomes the prey of the stronger, the better specimens remaining, and the offspring of these attaining to higher forms of organization. What form these animals shall, in the future, assume, will depend absolutely upon the conditions under which they are forced to exist. So long as they remain in water, fishes will succeed fishes, but when, as will happen from currents and tides, that during some periods they are left on shores, creatures of an amphibious nature will be produced, and provided that conditions obtain under which the lives of these animals are spent on the land, their descendants will be found as beasts and birds."

There are statements in this comprehensive summary which will have a profound interest for the mere plodding naturalist who is laboriously working out his knowledge by tedious experiments, and patient observations through his microscope. It will satisfy doubts that must have occurred to him to know that the parent cell dies when other cells are produced. It will also set his mind at rest on a vexed question to learn that the "creature protruding its limbs which serve to move it, and to place food into an opening which it has now displayed for its

reception"—the *amæba*, from the description—is a *many-celled* creature. Further, it can hardly fail to add much to the sportsman's knowledge of the habits of fishes, to discover that when left on shores by currents and tides, they change into "creatures of an amphibious nature," and that under favourable circumstances "their descendants will be found as beasts and birds." Evidently much uncalled-for sympathy has hitherto been expended on the condition of "fish out of water."

We have no wish to insinuate that the lecturer has not done full justice to the evolution theory. But we should be sorry to think that scientific education, as dispensed at St. George's Hospital, will lead to all the results which the lecturer encouraged his audience to expect from it. In spite of his predictions, we are assured it will be found to produce at St. George's the results which Mr. Hird, the lecturer at Charing Cross Hospital, ascribed to it. "Education, whether general or technical, . . . is the basis of individual happiness, and of the rank and usefulness of man in society; it develops and cultivates those powers which distinguish man from the brute; it refutes the doctrine of evolution as applied to man; it stamps the character of an age, and constitutes the chief distinction among the nations of the earth."

From the address at St. George's we turn with satisfaction to the address at St. Mary's, delivered by Mr. St. George Mivart, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy to the Institution. Mr. Mivart had set himself the task of opening the eyes of his audience to the follies and the dangers of Agnostic Philosophy. At first sight it seems strange that a theme of this kind should have been treated at such a time, and in such a place. But Mr. Mivart amply justified his choice of a subject. Agnosticism, which he well defines as "dallying with certainty," he believes to lead to intellectual enfeeblement, and this, in its turn, to inertness and indecision of will. These qualities are out of place in human nature at all times, but they are specially unbecoming in the profession whose members Mr. Mivart was addressing. That such habits of mind are spreading among the students of science the lecturer bears witness.

"If the effect of the wide diffusion of metaphysical questions is to make young men really sound the depths of their knowledge and 'know their own minds' betimes, I can only rejoice at it; but I must own to having observed in not a few cases the very contrary effect. Men have known their own minds

less than ever, and exchanged a mere absence of knowledge for an active state of puzzlement as to the declarations of their own reason—a state favouring that very habit of indecision and that feebleness of judgment, to the practical ill effects of which I have just referred. No greater service can well be done to a young man at present than to furnish him with a thread by which to find his way out of the speculative Dedalean labyrinths in which he may find himself involved."

Mr. Mivart has himself suffered from the evils against which he is warning others, and his admonitions have therefore a special weight: "But why, you may ask, why take so much time and trouble to point out truths so obvious? I do so on account of my own experience. Had I, when my intellectual life began, had brought to my notice the considerations which I now present to you, I might have been spared much waste of energy and much disadvantage. I feel, therefore, that I am doing the best I can for you in endeavouring to point out the fallacies of that metaphysical system about which I spoke at the beginning of the address, and which system may be well termed, 'the art of losing one's way methodically'—a system insidiously undermining our rational confidence in human reason, and so weakening the springs of prompt and vigorous action."

We need not follow Mr. Mivart in his exposition of the weaknesses of Agnosticism. Treating this subject he feels himself on familiar ground. The arguments which he laid before the assembled students of St. Mary's he had for the most part used before. Those who have studied his *Lessons from Nature* are already acquainted with them. We shall confine ourselves to quoting the conclusion at which he arrives.

"What, then, do we come to as the result of the foregoing considerations? We come to recognize the presence in every one of us of a principle which is able to transcend its own material conditions of existence, which is able, more or less clearly, to apprehend the essential natures and natural laws of the multitudinous beings amidst which it lives, which can reflect on its own being and its greatest dignity—its power of apprehending the ideas *truth, beauty, and goodness*."

To those who are given to the study of a single science it can do only good to be thus reminded that there are important subjects of study outside their special field of labour. The student who is absorbed in any one of the physical sciences will do well

to turn his attention at times to the other realms of knowledge that lie above and around him. We can never flatter ourselves that we know any science thoroughly till we have understood its relations to the sciences that border upon it.

III.—REVIEWS.

1. *The Life of St. Colette*, the Reformer of the Three Orders of St. Francis, especially of the Poor Clares. By Mrs. Parsons. Burns and Oates, 1879.

ENGLAND now possesses four houses of Poor Clares of the Reform of St. Colette, but the story of her wonderful life is known to comparatively few. A wonderful life it was even for a saint; but St. Colette lived in days which needed and gained extraordinary manifestations of Divine power—those most terrible days of the Schism of the West, of the “Angel of the Last Judgment,” of the warrior-maid of Domremi, for her earthly pilgrimage began in the early part of the reign of Richard the Second of England, and ended a few years before the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses.

Robert Boellet, the father of our Saint, held office as master carpenter of the famous Benedictine Abbey of Corbie, near Amiens, and both he and his wife, Margaret, were devout and most charitable. Colette (or Nicolette) was born in the year 1381, and came as the long-delayed gift of Heaven, a child of many prayers, St. Nicholas, as was usual in such cases, having been especially invoked. Robert, working under the shadow of the holy place, lived only for religion and duty, and Margaret was a mother well chosen for the training of a saint. She heard Mass every day, went to Communion once a week, and when she was not working, was always praying. As soon as Colette could toddle, she went with her mother to church, and learned with delight to pray with her at the different altars, and before the pictures, but the greatest happiness of all was to kneel at her side as she made her thanksgiving after Holy Communion. The little girl crept close to her mother, and seemed lost in thought. She had been from her birth consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and her attraction to prayer was manifestly supernatural. On her own authority we know that she had received by Divine inspiration a knowledge of the whole rule of St. Francis of Assisi before she was nine years old. Two years later she was already an habitual attendant at the Matins

of the monks in the middle of the night. There was really no danger in this, for many pious persons of the village went and returned with her; but her parents were severely blamed for permitting the little girl to follow so curious a fancy, and at last her father forbade her to go, and put her in a room next to his own for greater security. A holy man, Adam Monnier, a near neighbour and very intimate friend and faithful counsellor of Robert Boellet, remonstrated with him, telling him that Colette must by no means be treated like other children, and offering to act as her escort in future. Robert refused to change his mind. Then Adam Monnier took the matter into his own hands, and freed the imprisoned maiden in somewhat romantic fashion. He put a ladder against her window, and called to her to come with him to the church, and he would arrange it with her father. After this Robert yielded, for he was more afraid of thwarting the will of Heaven in his child's regard than of provoking adverse comment among his friends, and he knew perfectly well that Colette was safe under Adam's care. In reality Adam knew more about the wonderful workings of grace in the soul of the girl than her father did, for she had confided to him as her spiritual adviser the thirst for suffering which from infancy possessed her soul. He never doubted that she was a favourite child of God, and he encouraged her in the practice of various little mortifications. The pious parents watched with reverential love the progress in virtue of their little girl. She was very modest and unassuming, had a peculiar dislike for fine clothes, and gave away everything that was at her own disposal. Her good father made her his almoner, and she was never tired of assisting the poor and the sick.

But there was one cause of affliction to her parents as they contemplated her. She was so short of stature, so like a little child even when nearly seventeen, that she could not do the household work, and now that her mother was growing old and infirm, her father felt the deficiency. One day he scolded the poor girl for being so useless, and woke a grief in her heart on his account which she would never have felt on her own. She had recourse to God. Colette's prayers were always heard. She obtained leave to pay an eight days' visit to Nôtre Dame de Brebières, and before the miraculous image of our Lady she made her strange petition for increase of size and strength, provided that the change might bring no injury to her soul. It was for her parents' sake that she asked the favour, and

she repeated again and again: "Not my will but Thine be done."

Either suddenly or in a few days—for though the fact is well established, the details are doubtful—she became a tall woman, and to the strength which she had demanded, was added a dazzling beauty which fixed the attention of all. She was still the same Colette, and yet so strangely altered. She had always been attractive, but till then it was only as in the gracefulness of childhood. One day on her way to church she overheard people saying that she was beautiful, and being terrified, she prayed again. She asked God to remove from her, if what she had heard was true, all that could expose her to the danger of human love. Her complexion at once faded to the paleness of marble, but an indescribable beauty, having more of Heaven than earth in it, still shone in her countenance, inspiring love of purity while it attracted admiration.

Soon after this St. Colette lost her mother, and about a year later her father. But before Robert Boellet left his daughter alone in the world to fight the battle of life, she had entered already at God's command on her wonderful career. The miraculous change in her outward appearance was to all who had known her from childhood a permanent sign that she was specially chosen by God. Some very unusual vocation would almost seem to be the proper sequel of so unprecedented a commencement. She had prayed that she might have strength and stature to make her useful in her state of life, but the usefulness which the village girl demanded for her earthly father's sake was only a faint image of that spiritual power which God for His own purposes vouchsafed to bestow upon her. Her Heavenly Father had a solemn work for her to do to the greater glory of His Name, and to make her a fit instrument in His all-holy hands, He began by imparting treasures of grace to her intellect and will.

Colette certainly possessed great talent, but the knowledge which she displayed was so far beyond all that her opportunities of learning made possible, that it can only be explained as a supernatural gift of God. She was found to have many languages at her command when they were wanted, and not till they were wanted. She had received only the common education of children in humble life, and yet she could converse with learned men on difficult subjects. She knew that she had received the gifts of understanding and eloquence in order to

help others, and soon after her mother's death she began her apostolic labours by assembling the young girls of Corbie for pious conferences. The parents who brought their children to her catechetical instructions remained to listen, and marvelled much. The power of her example, and the charm of her words, wrought a visible change in the village. But complaints were carried to the Bishop that an illiterate girl of seventeen should be permitted to do such things. The Bishop summoned her to Amiens. He was quite satisfied with what he saw and heard, but he told her to suspend the conferences for a time for the sake of peace. It was just at this time that her father died. With his last breath he commended his holy daughter to the care of the Abbot of Corbie.

The first care of the Abbot was to look out for a good husband for Colette, for he did not know that she had taken a vow of chastity. When she told him, he applauded her resolve. She was sure from this time that God called her to the religious life, but it was long before she discovered her intended place. She lived some little time with the Béguines at Corbie, then she tried the Benedictines, but St. Francis reminded her that his rules had been miraculously revealed to her in her childhood. She returned for a time to the good Béguines, and her next attempt was in the diocese of Senlis, in a convent of the Urbanists (Franciscans): but she soon was back again with the Béguines, disappointed but not desponding. She had not found what she wanted, but she was in God's hands, waiting with singleness of mind and heart for the manifestation of His will in her regard. Her search had been unsuccessful for the simple reason that what she so earnestly sought no longer existed on earth; for God had sent her into the world, and made her what she was, expressly that she might herself restore the daughters of St. Clare to the primitive purity of their rule.

"Patience hath a perfect work," and Colette could only wait, and still wait, patiently until the guidance came. A holy Franciscan, Father Pinet, passed through Corbie. To him Colette opened her whole soul. He advised her to join the Third Order of St. Francis, and, feeling sure that this was a step in the right direction, she joyfully complied. Father Pinet seemed to recognize at once that Colette had strength for any trial. Before he had known her many weeks, he proposed that, as the kind of conventual life which she desired was no longer practicable, she should make herself into a "recluse." At last

it seemed to her that she had found what she wanted. With overflowing heart she welcomed the thought of that most terrible sacrifice, that living death. To give everything without reserve to God, to die absolutely and completely to earth and self—she could wish for nothing more. The Abbot, her guardian, argued with her long and urgently, for the vocation of a hermit's life needs testing well. But he was convinced, and gave his consent. She sold all she had, and handed over the money to the parish priest to give to the poor. Then, according to the ecclesiastical discipline of the time, a little cottage was prepared for her against the wall of the church with an aperture from her oratory, through which she could see the altar, where He Whom alone she loved dwelt night and day, and through which also He would come to visit her in Holy Communion. Here Colette voluntarily condemned herself to perpetual imprisonment. "For the love of God, and in the presence of the Queen of Heaven and of the Heavenly Host, I bind myself by vows to the observance of chastity, poverty, obedience, and perpetual inclosure."

A recluse renounced not only the right to possess, but even the right to beg, and was therefore of all Christ's poor the most deeply dependent upon the charity of the faithful. Two pious girls were deputed to take to Colette the necessities of life. All this is strange to the wisdom of the flesh, because it is the folly of the Cross. God, the Holy Ghost, acts as He wills in the kingdom of souls, not asking the advice of our philosophers, or caring for their criticism. We relate with gratitude what the saints under the prudent guidance of the Church have done, and we should be very sorry to say one word that might be construed as an apology. Let those condemn the hermit's life who are prepared to hold that St. John the Baptist was the victim of a great delusion. At an age when even young Catholic ladies, who have been carefully nurtured in the pure atmosphere of convent life, too often throw themselves with impetuosity into the service of the world and the "bewitching of trifles," forging their own fetters in vain and foolish conversation, as if they had been created to amuse themselves, Colette consigned herself to a living tomb, renounced all to gain all, made herself a prisoner for the sake of Jesus Christ, and found, as she deserved, the liberty of the children of God.

St. Colette made her vow of inclosure fully intending to

remain for all her life in that chosen hermitage, but it was not so ordained. Her strict seclusion, her assiduous fasting, her terrible conflicts with the powers of evil in visible form, were all part of a necessary probation. But at the end of three years, when her soul had been tried like gold in the fire, she was ordered to go forth from her hiding-place and make known her message.

One of the most curious dispensations of Providence in her regard is that her first commission to undertake the reform of the Poor Clares was given by an Antipope, the unfortunate Pedro di Luna. We cannot pursue her history farther. The recluse transformed into a female apostle and a prophetess, consulted by princes and prelates, received at the gates of large cities by clergy and people with marks of the profoundest veneration, had need of all the self-knowledge which she had purchased at so great a price in her little cell under the protecting walls of the old Abbey of Corbie. Colette worked many miracles and raised the dead to life, because her humility was beyond the reach of temptation. God will not work His greater wonders by the hands of those who would be sure to keep a portion of the glory to themselves.

For the benefit of future editions of this biography, which is so deserving not only of careful perusal, but of grateful acknowledgment, we must be permitted to observe that the thread of the history is, to our mind, much too often broken by digressions, and even occasionally by distant excursions, which might with advantage be relegated to an appendix, if not altogether omitted. Thus from the mention of the name of Duns Scotus, where it is said that his theological treatises formed the favourite study of St. Colette's chief assistant in her work of reform, occasion is taken to return to a subject already briefly noticed in an earlier chapter, and a story three pages long, very pleasing in itself, about the first arrival of the Friars Minors at Oxford, is given in this rather remote connection of spiritual ancestry. To take another instance, we should urge that the beautiful incident of "St. Francis preaching to the birds" is too well known to be related at full length except in its own natural place in the life of the holy patriarch himself. On the other hand, the chapters devoted to the external history of the age which St. Colette adorned must not be considered as in any sense digressive, for the whole significance of such a life as hers would be lost, if it were abstracted from place and time.

2. *Irish Saints in Great Britain.* By the Right Rev. Patrick F. Moran, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1879.

Both in very ancient and in most recent times Ireland, from her overflow of faith, has helped to turn the heart of England to the Church of Christ. As English Catholics we owe twice over a debt of gratitude to her. That gift of truth, our best inheritance, which has been transmitted to us at the cost of many precious lives under the hateful penal laws, was brought to our English ancestors by missionaries from Rome, but its preservation was in no slight degree secured by the strenuous exertions of saints from the sister island. And in our day the extension of the Church in the midst of a Protestant people is largely due, not indeed as in those distant times to the preaching of Irish bishops and monks, but to the unblushing faith, the ineradicable love of Rome which Irishmen born and bred have brought with them to all the great centres of busy life in England.

We cannot hear too much about those apostolic men, English or Irish or Italian, who laboured so long and earnestly to plant the Gospel in this land, which for their sake is still in its desolation dear to Christ and His Virgin Mother. The Bishop of Ossory does well to remind us how many of the names which we have been taught to revere belong to the roll of Irish saints, and how many zealous English bishops, the great St. Dunstan in the number, drew their lessons of wisdom and sanctity from Irish teachers. Glastonbury was a stronghold of Irish learning, and the radiance which streamed from St. Columba's isle in the far north, lighted and warmed the land to its southern shore. St. Columba was in the full sense of the word an Irishman, by descent from father and mother, and by the place of his birth. His life and immense labours are well known. Dr. Moran quotes a passage from the Duke of Argyll's work on Iona, in which the now very general recognition of the Saint's surpassing merits is well expressed. We extract a few words only: "Columba was an agent, and a principal agent, in one of the greatest events the world has ever seen, namely, the conversion of the northern nations. . . . Christianity was not presented to the Picts of Caledonia in alliance with the impressive aspects of Roman civilization. . . . All the more must we be ready to believe that the man who at such a time planted Christianity successfully among them,

must have been a man of powerful character and of splendid gifts. There is no arguing against that great monument to Columba which consists in the place he has secured in the memory of mankind."¹

Columba is in fact rather a favourite with our non-Catholic countrymen, for he is regarded as in some sense the fountal source in England of a theology which is not Roman. The Bishop of Ossory, in another part of the volume, speaking of the dispute between St. Laurence and St. Dagan, deals summarily with the very common Anglican confusion of dogma and discipline.

From the letters of SS. Augustine and Laurentius, and the other documents connected with this period, we learn that the difference between the Roman missionaries and the Irish and British Churches was confined to four heads, all of them pertaining to discipline, and tolerated elsewhere by the supreme authority of the Holy See. . . . The first point of difference was the form of the tonsure used by the clergy; but on this head it will perhaps suffice to say that the Irish Catholic usage of the present day differs more from the custom in Rome than it did in the days of St. Laurentius. . . . The second difference regarded the time for celebrating Easter. Here again the discrepancy arose, not from a diversity of faith, but merely from the varying cycles which were used in computing the time for the Easter festival. . . . The third difference regarded the manner of Baptism. We learn, however, from St. Gregory's letters that such ritual variations in regard to the Baptismal ceremonies—for instance, the triple or single immersion, and so forth—existed in Spain and elsewhere, and when the Pontiff was interrogated about this, he wisely ruled that each Church might be permitted to follow its own disciplinary usage. The fourth and last difference between the Churches was the use of several collects in the sacred liturgy; but even in this the wise Pontiff, who had himself done so much to perfect the liturgy of the Church, advised a wise moderation. So far was he indeed from condemning the Gaulish or the Celtic liturgy, that in a letter to St. Augustine he counselled him to study carefully not only the Roman, but also the other various liturgies and to select whatever he could find best in each of them for his Saxon converts, as yet young in the faith; and he adds the golden maxim, "Where the faith is one, differences of custom do no harm to Holy Church" (p. 213).

The history of the Irish apostleship in Britain, which we cannot trace in detail here, opens with the name of Brenach, a holy hermit, who flourished before the middle of the fifth century; but even before that time the holy enterprize had been

¹ P. 65.

virtually begun, the deep foundations had been laid, if, as the Bishop maintains, St. Patrick himself was born in the kingdom of Strathclyde. Brenach had the good fortune to convert Breacan, an Irish chief of royal descent, who became the father of saints. St. Cynog was his son, and St. Keyne (of the well) his daughter. The work thus commenced in Wales is followed by similar efforts in all the different petty kingdoms in succession, British first, then Anglo-Saxon. Each portion of the country has its own Irish born or Irish descended preachers and teachers, and the history runs pleasantly from Wales and Strathclyde to Iona and Scotland, and then through Northumbria to the other kingdoms of the English.

The Bishop of Ossory claims for Ireland—differing here from the Roman Breviary—St. Ursula and her companions; and he finds a reason for varying statements about the nationality of some of the early saints—St. Gildas with the rest—in the combination, as common then as now, of Irish parentage with birth on British soil. Already in the fifth century numerous settlements had been effected in Wales and elsewhere by colonists from Ireland, and Continental writers would not be likely to discriminate between the children of such settlers and the aboriginal inhabitants, inasmuch as both alike sailed to the shores of Gaul in British ships despatched from British ports. St. Cuthbert and (Professor Stubbs notwithstanding) Sedulius the poet, are both declared on the faith of ancient MSS. to be of Irish descent and birth, and the many times told tale is repeated that King Alfred summoned an Irish tutor to his Court, the famous John Scotus Erigena, and committed to him the superintendence of his palace-school. In spite of William of Malmesbury, it seems to us exceedingly doubtful whether John Scotus Erigena was ever at Alfred's Court at all, even for a passing visit.²

In a great mass of historical information, resting sometimes on slender, sometimes on contradictory evidence, there cannot fail to be differences of opinion about an isolated fact here and there, and if, as loyal Englishmen, we can hardly consider it proved that Cuthbert is not all our own, we are not the less grateful on that account to the Bishop of Ossory for calling to our reverent recollection, in many interesting chapters, the long roll of saintly bishops and priests and monks and nuns, Ireland's holiest children, who helped to win our dear country to the faith

² See MONTH, January, 1878, p. 74.

in the olden days, and now in blest companionship with the martyrs and confessors and virgins whom England has given to the Church, are watching with keen interest and urging forward by their prayers the second day of grace.

3. *Les Petits*. Par Raoul de Navery. Paris: Blériot Frères, 1879.

This is one of many works of fiction which we owe to the talent and industry of M. de Navery. If two volumes which have been submitted to our notice may be accepted as specimens of the whole series, we recognize with joy a zealous champion of Catholic purity and benevolence, endowed with creative genius of no common order, able to write rapidly and well, and willing to make himself useful in a branch of literature in which unwholesome books abound and the antidote is scarce. *Les Petits*, *L'Accusé*, and other works of the same high tone, will be not less serviceable in their day because they are in conception and style intensely French. The dialogue is too artificial to suit our insular taste, the sequel of events is too ingeniously providential; but for that very reason, we believe, the story is likely to find more favour with those to whom it is primarily addressed, for it cannot be denied that different canons of literary elegance are accepted in England and in France. We, for an instance, certainly do not love perpetual descriptions in which each sentence constitutes a paragraph apart; but a French novel would find purchasers with difficulty, unless it could show in every page almost as many paragraphs as lines.

Les Petits is written with a definite purpose, which the author never cares to disguise. It might almost be said that it is a charity sermon made interesting, or an appeal to the faithful dramatised, and it is no slight evidence of artistic power to be able to communicate to a pious story, heavily weighted with the responsibility of a moral, so much of true pathos and real influence.

The lesson which the story is intended to convey is one which cannot be too often taught or too fully learned,—that it is better to prevent crime than to punish it. Our highly wrought social system demands its victims. That some may feast sumptuously, others must starve, for “money makes money,” and poverty tends to grow poorer. The waifs and strays, motherless and penniless, *Les Petits*, find life a dreary business in Paris, and, in spite of our author’s too kind comparison, we grieve to say,

in London also. Unless some kind Christian hold out to them a helping hand, they glide, almost as if by the *duty* of self-preservation, into evil practices. The children of the poor, in their sins of ignorance, even when they fill our gaols, are nearer to the mercy of God than the sensual, selfish idlers, who look down upon them with contempt from the higher walks of life. Good Christians would labour hard, with all the resources at their command, to rescue *Les Petits* by anticipation from vicious courses, if they once realized how much their help is needed, and if they knew when, and where, and how, to *Save the Boy*.¹

These reflections are quite relevant. They are drawn, not from the words, but from the action of the story which is before us. A Catholic mother dies in the last extremity of poverty, leaving to her two little boys only her fervent blessing and her injunction never to steal. She has already outlived by two days the rent paid for the room in which she dies, and other tenants are ready to occupy it. When the little children return after dark from the pauper's grave, where they had stayed in their hopeless grief till the cemetery beadle warned them to go away, they were roughly thrust out into the rain by the cruel house-keeper. They must shift for themselves as they could, for their mother had not left enough even to pay her debts. After a week of desultory life, sleeping in corners, and getting a crust of bread or an onion at long intervals, they take refuge for the night under an arch of the Pont d'Arcole, where they encounter two older boys, orphans like themselves, and, as it appears in the sequel, thieves. The two little wanderers are invited by their new friends to supper—a very wonderful supper in a very wonderful place. A low whistle causes a rope ladder to descend from the arch overhead, and then, after some perilous clambering along the ironwork of the bridge, the guests are introduced into a room of respectable dimensions, constructed in an unsuspected corner of an arch-recess, with the river flowing underneath. This is the robbers' den, inhabited by a band of juvenile offenders who call themselves poetically *les hirondelles du Pont d'Arcole*, and own the sway of a captain of fifteen years. The company are soon assembled and form an interesting group. The captain and a few of his followers are precocious young scoundrels, fast

¹ Our readers will understand that we refer to the Catholic home for homeless boys established by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas.

hardening into reprobates, while others of the party are not far removed from virtue, and one young boy is innocent of every misdeed except the culpable folly of consenting to live in such companionship. He earned enough by singing to pay for his strange lodging. His comrades respect his goodness and are proud of his beautiful voice, though he will only sing what he chooses, not what they want. When the true character of the company dawns—fortunately not until supper is over—upon the unsophisticated minds of the homeless children, they ask leave to retire, and, on giving their word not to tell tales, are helped down the rope ladder again. They have had a narrow escape, for that same night the police discover the "Swallows' Nest." The rest of the tale contains the after history of that supper party. It is enough to say that the worst of the bad boys come to bad ends, and all the rest are gradually established in honest ways of life, their eventual happiness being brought about by the wisdom of an exemplary magistrate, whose charming children are designedly made as antithetical as possible to the "Hirondelles," the untiring zeal of a gentleman, whose whole time is given up to works of mercy, and the genuine benevolence of a rich lady fishmonger, whose pompous vulgarity and diamond ear-rings cannot hide the simple beauty of her virtuous life and Christian charity.

4. *Historical Sketch of the St. Louis University.* By Walter H. Hill, S.J. St. Louis : Patrick Fox. 1879.

The College of the Society of Jesus in St. Louis, Missouri, was opened in the same year which saw the passing of the Emancipation Act in England, and the "historical sketch" to which we direct attention has grown out of the celebration of its golden jubilee. In the United States events move rapidly, and the past fifty years have been marked by as great progress in the intellectual and spiritual, as in the material and commercial, life of the wonderful Republic. It cannot, indeed, be said that the development of the Catholic University of St. Louis has altogether kept pace with the almost appalling growth of that particular city, but even there the increase, if not proportionate, is at least commensurate. There was a time when the College was the chief glory of St. Louis, and it devolved upon the Rector to entertain distinguished visitors—Daniel Webster, Richard Johnson, and "the fastidious" Charles Dickens.

Those days are for ever departed, for St. Louis is no longer a little frontier town, but the largest city of a flourishing State, counting (in 1874) its population of 412,000 souls, and the University hides its diminished head, being not absolutely, but relatively, of less account, now that it takes rank as only one out of many civic institutions. Yet it has never faltered for a day in its career of usefulness.

It actually began in the rude log cabins near Florissant, Missouri, built according to primeval pioneer style, with a small number of boys from St. Louis and the vicinity, sons of well-to-do families, who were removed to St. Louis when the College building there erected in 1829 was made ready for occupancy. The university now has eleven buildings, whose combined length is about eight hundred feet, put up at a total cost of \$250,000, to say nothing of large additional sums spent in repairing or improving them. Though possessing no endowment or other revenue except what it derives from the fees of students for board and tuition, it has a select and valuable library of twenty-five thousand volumes, a museum of natural history, a collection of instruments for the classes of physics and chemistry, including many curious and costly objects. When the College began its first session, after the transfer from the "Indian Seminary" to St. Louis, in 1829, there were fourteen members, all told, belonging to the Jesuit Mission of Missouri—eight priests and six lay brothers. At the beginning of the year 1879 the number had reached three hundred and thirty four.

What more immediately led to the opening of the College was the establishment in St. Louis two years previously of a Convent of the Sacred Heart for the education of young ladies. A benevolent gentleman, who had placed twenty-five acres of land in the southern limits of St. Louis at the disposal of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for an academy, on condition of their maintaining twenty orphan girls in perpetuity, made a similar offer to Father Van Quickenborne, which was wisely declined. A College, starting with possibly a great career before it, ought not, the Jesuit Fathers thought, to be encumbered at the outset with troublesome conditions. The bishop came to their assistance, and caused to be conveyed to them a plot of ground of which he was the trustee, left by the will of a deceased gentleman "towards founding a College in St. Louis."

The first President of the College was Father Verhægen, and one of his masters was Father De Smet, then a young priest unknown to fame. A full University Charter was obtained from the State Legislature of Missouri in 1832, although that part of the diploma which had reference to the faculties of theology,

law, and medicine, was by necessity at that date a purely prospective concession, depending for its future realization upon the achievement of success in lower walks of learning. More than anything that could then have seemed possible has been effected under that charter.

As an instance of the public spirit which is sedulously cultivated among the students, we may mention that they obtained permission on two occasions to give a theatrical entertainment in the town for the relief of the distress caused by the burning of the Southern Hotel in 1877, and by the yellow fever in 1878.

Not the least interesting chapter to readers in this country will be that which treats of the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*, and its adaptability to the wants of the age. If ever a Christian teacher was free from the narrowness of mind which makes personal experience the measure of the fitness of all things, and demands that all men in all times and places shall be formed to the same size and pattern, that Christian teacher is St. Ignatius of Loyola. His system of education, as he conceived it, cannot become antiquated, for the very sufficient reason that, rather than permit itself to become antiquated, it will lend itself to any amount of adaptation which may prudently be deemed necessary; because the Society of Jesus cannot allow its system of education to be behind the requirements of the age without contradicting the fundamental principle and leading thought in the mind of St. Ignatius. Father Hill, treating of this subject,¹ observes very justly: "We must take the world as it is, and apply the system of education to it in every way in which it is willing to receive it. For the main object is ever the same—the training of truly Christian generations; so that St. Ignatius gives secular knowledge, not as an end, but as a means to an end. . . . We may regret that education has changed since those days, and that we have lost the thoroughness of work then accomplished; but such regrets are vain." The kind of adaptation which has been thought useful at St. Louis includes a tripartite course—classical, commercial, and scientific. A commercial degree is conferred—"Master of Accounts."

Of the celebration of the golden jubilee, with the account of which the volume closes, we will only say that the memorial lines written in honour of the occasion by Mr. Blakely, a member of a literary and scientific association of former students of the College, are not only much beyond the average worth of

¹ P. 158.

such compositions, but are really full of merit. We quote the graceful tribute to Father De Smet :

Here we miss to-night
A long-familiar form, well marked by years
And worn by toil, but still unbent and lithe
As those borne by the dusky warriors
For whom he lived ; whose pagan souls to win
He dared all dangers of the wilderness.
The mountain's terrors and Missouri's floods,
The perils of the plains dismayed him not ;
The winter's cold and summer's heat he bore,
Impatient to win all to Christ, and make
Nature's untutored children bow and bend
Their free, proud heads obeisant to the Cross.
His days have been accomplished ; but his fame,
Against his humble protest, could he speak,
Proclaims the *Xavier* of the West--DE SMET.

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5. *Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Mazenod*, Bishop of Marseilles, and Founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, &c. By the Rev. R. Cooke, O.M.I. Vol. I. Burns and Oates, 1879.

The Life of the Founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate will have a great interest for English Catholics, among whom the labours of the Fathers of his Congregation are so well known and so highly valued. Eugene de Mazenod was one of those manly and saintly souls who were given to the Church of France in the days of her deepest humiliation and sufferings under the pressure of Revolution. He was born at Aix in Provence, of a noble family, in 1782. His father was sentenced to death under the Reign of Terror, and the whole family had to emigrate, to Venice, Naples, and finally to Sicily, as the wave of the French revolutionary armies drove them from one place of shelter to another. Eugene returned to France with his family on the accession of Napoleon to power, and after a time of exemplary labours as a secular priest, founded the Congregation of the Oblates in 1816. The society was approved by Leo the Twelfth in 1826, and the same great Pope wished to make its founder a Cardinal, but was unable to resist his humble remonstrances. De Mazenod became Bishop of Marseilles in 1837, succeeding his uncle, to whom he had been Vicar General for ten years before.

The present volume does not continue the life of Mgr. de Mazenod to his death. The greater part of it is occupied with accounts of the missionary achievements of the society of the Oblates, in Canada, Labrador, the Red River regions, on the borders of the Great Slave Lake, and the Great Bear Lake, in

the Mackenzie regions, the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and in British Columbia. This is, after all, the most interesting part of the volume. It gives an idea of the labours of the modern Catholic missionaries which is more than enough to show that the old spirit of St. Francis Xavier and his followers is not extinct. We trust Father Cooke may soon complete the work, and we shall not complain if he gives a great many more histories such as those of these North American missions.

6. *The Life of St. Thomas of Hereford.* By Richard Strange, of the Society of Jesus. Quarterly Series. London: Burns and Oates, 1879.

The author of this Life of St. Thomas was a Jesuit Father of the days of persecution. He was one of those who were charged with complicity in the famous plot of Titus Oates, and might very easily have lost his life in that time of public frenzy. The work before us has great merit, on account of the genuine raciness of its style and the abundant historical learning which it embodies, though it is quite possible that more light may be hereafter thrown on the whole period of our history to which the life of St. Thomas of Cantilupe belongs. His character is here very pleasantly drawn—a pure virginal soul, full of sweet devotion and stern self-discipline, gentle to others, hard only to himself, upright, fearless in the vindication of his rights, and sparing no labours for the good of souls. The book brings out very clearly his right to be styled the English Thaumaturge, and we most sincerely hope that its republication may help to revive the devotion to this great national Saint among English Catholics. St. Thomas died at Monte Fiascone on his return from Rome, whither he had been obliged to go in his resistance to the aggressions of his Primate, John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury. For five years little was heard in England of his miraculous powers, but after that time the stream of miracles began to flow in ever-increasing volumes. What we very much want at present is just this devotion to our old Saints. We have but one established pilgrimage in the country, that to St. Winefrid. The land will never be again “the Island of Saints,” in the full meaning of the term, until the old shrines are revived, the old devotions—such as those so admirably illustrated by Mr. Waterton in his *Pietas Mariana*—restored, and new saints and shrines placed by the side of the old ones.

[We regret that want of space obliges us to omit our short notices for the present month.]

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The Life of St. Colette. By Mrs. Parsons.
The Manna of the Soul. By Father Segneri (Fourth Volume).
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Jack's Boy. By F. M. S.
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